

Calling All KIDS

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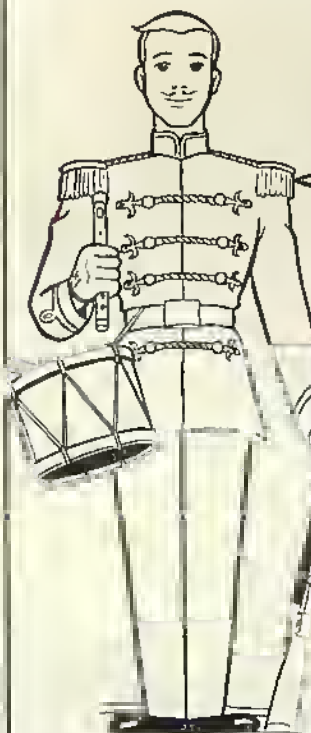
COMICS
STORIES
PUZZLES
AND
GAMES



[illegible]

Calling All KIDS

COLOR THESE FRIENDS AFTER
YOU HAVE READ THEIR STORIES



THE SOLDIER



TWINKLE



MARCO
POLAR
BEAR



JIM AND JUDY

No. 2

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CALLING ALL KIDS

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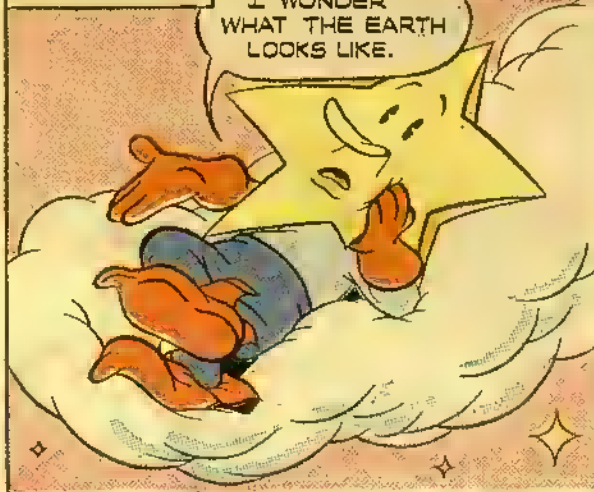
TWINKLE

THE STAR THAT CAME DOWN FROM HEAVEN

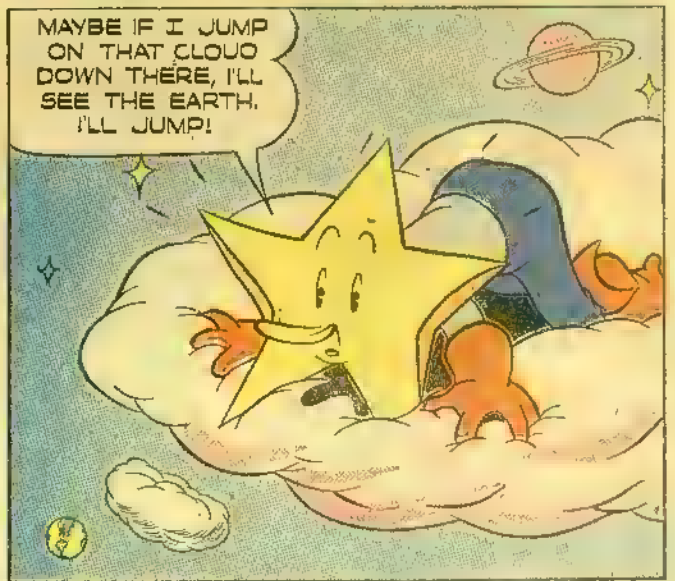


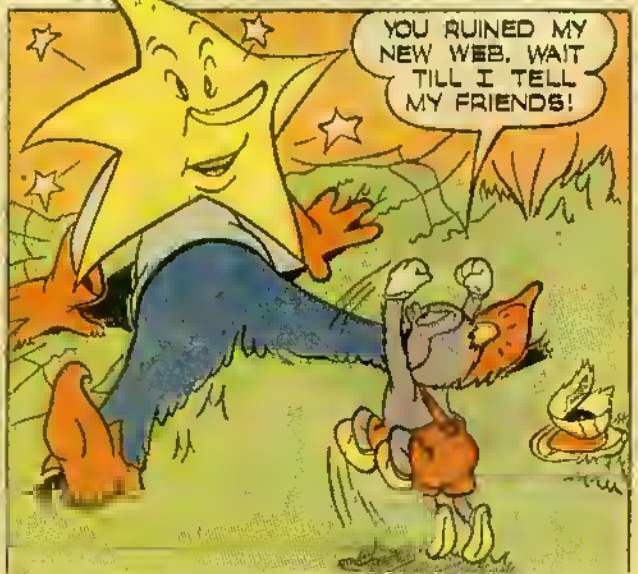
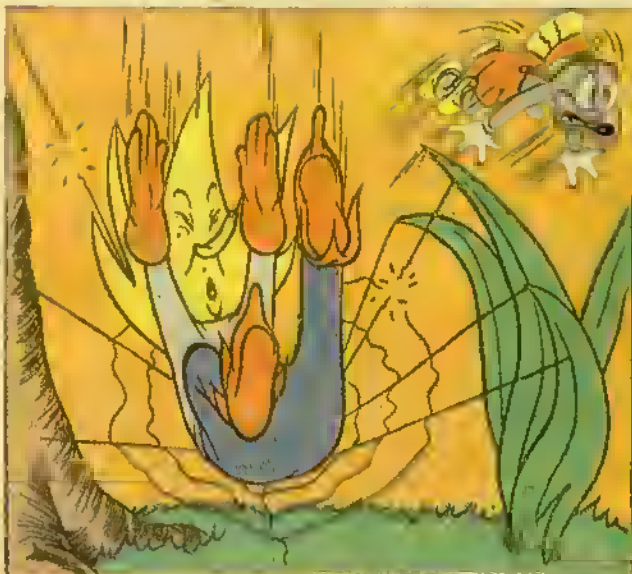
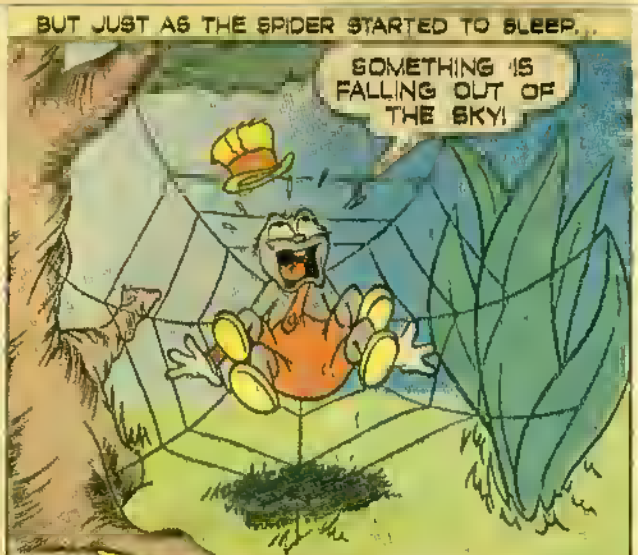
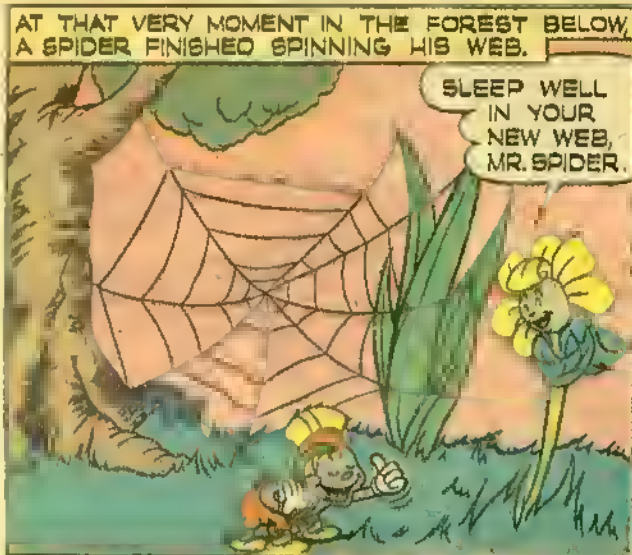
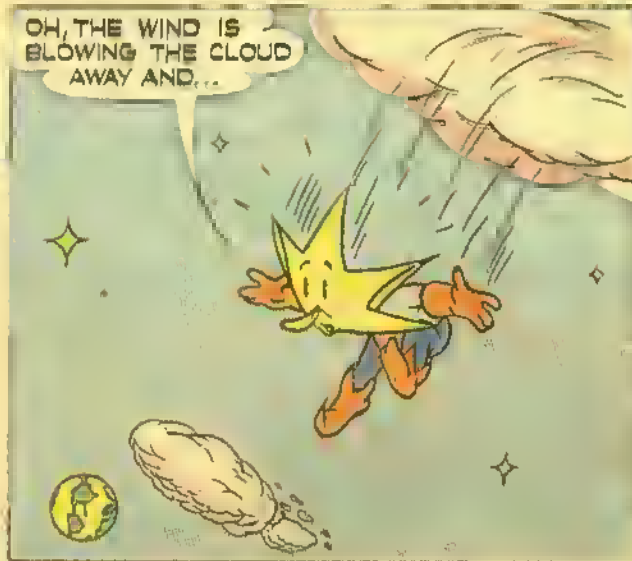
HIGH IN THE HEAVENS, A LITTLE STAR NAMED TWINKLE GREW TIRED OF PLAYING AMONG THE CLOUDS.

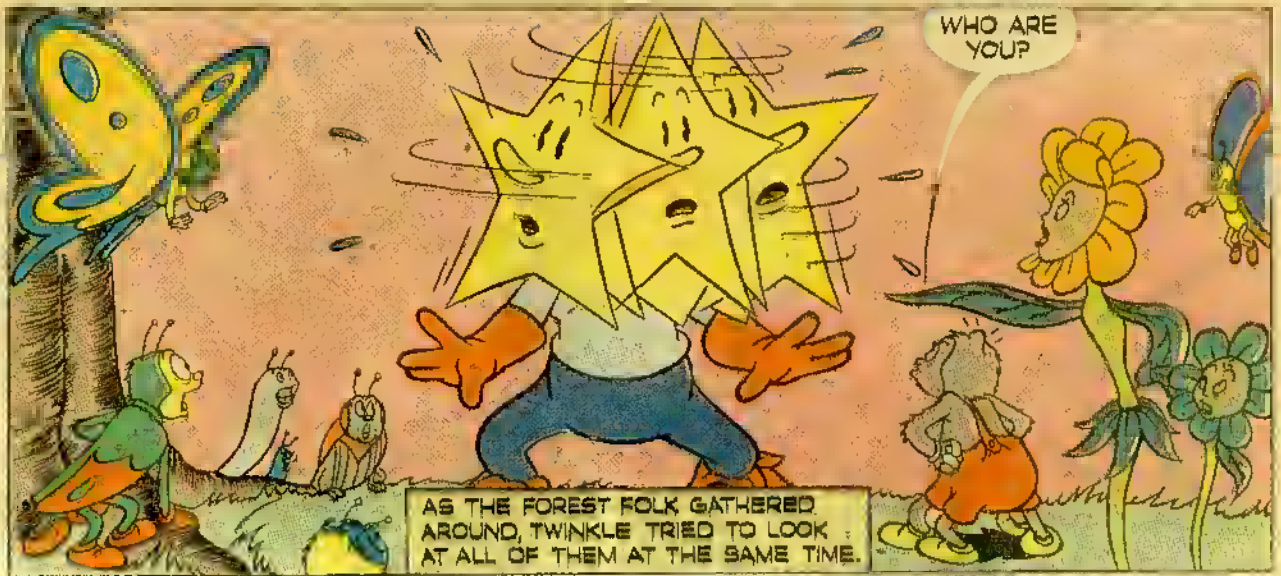
I WONDER
WHAT THE EARTH
LOOKS LIKE.



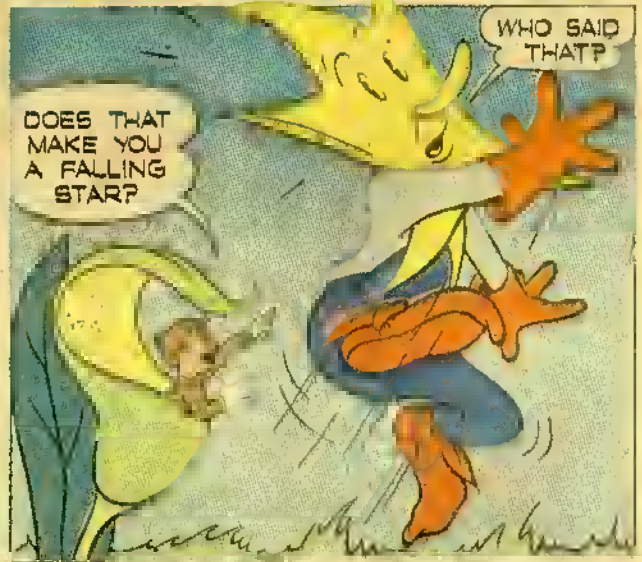
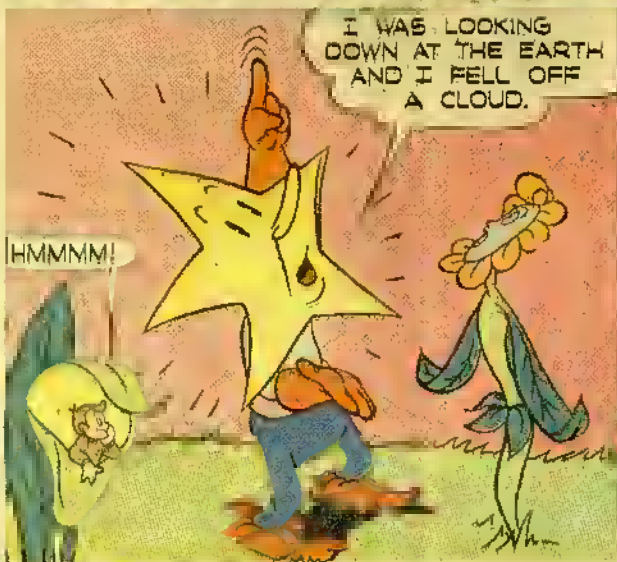
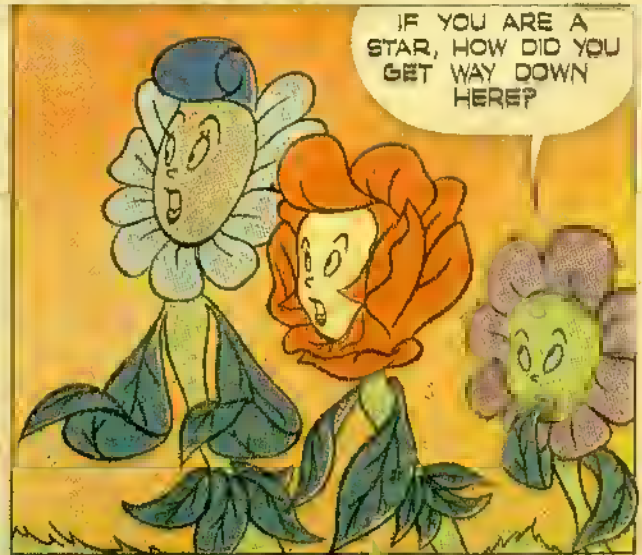
MAYBE IF I JUMP
ON THAT CLOUD
DOWN THERE, I'LL
SEE THE EARTH.
I'LL JUMP!

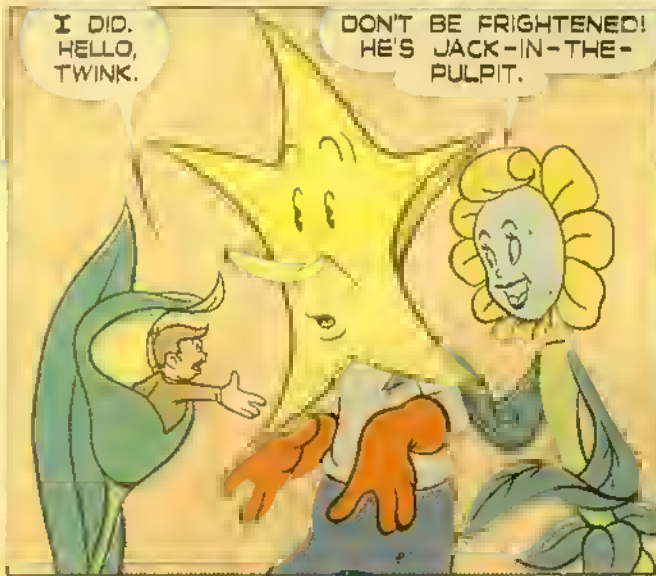






AS THE FOREST FOLK GATHERED AROUND, TWINKLE TRIED TO LOOK AT ALL OF THEM AT THE SAME TIME.



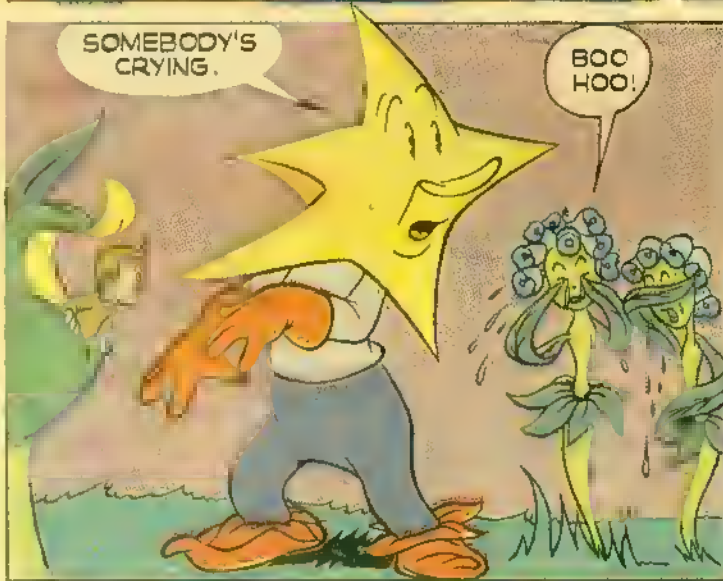


I DID.
HELLO,
TWINK.

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED!
HE'S JACK-IN-THE-
PULPIT.

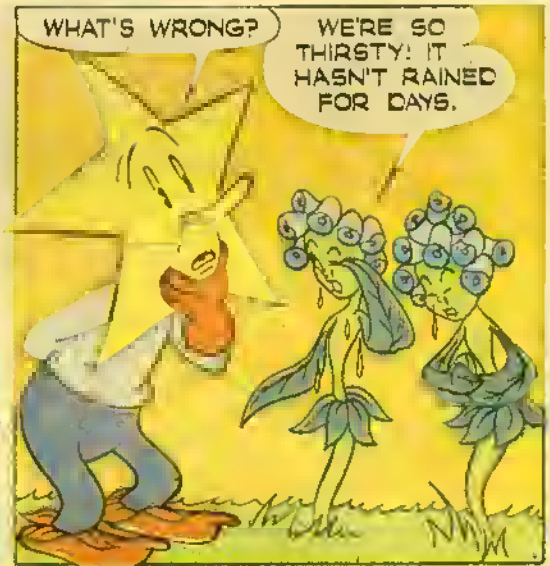


I'VE NEVER SEEN A
STAR THIS CLOSE -
BEFORE. IT MUST BE
HEAVENLY UP THERE.



SOMEBODY'S
CRYING.

BOO
HOO!



WHAT'S WRONG?

WE'RE SO
THIRSTY! IT
HASN'T RAINED
FOR DAYS.



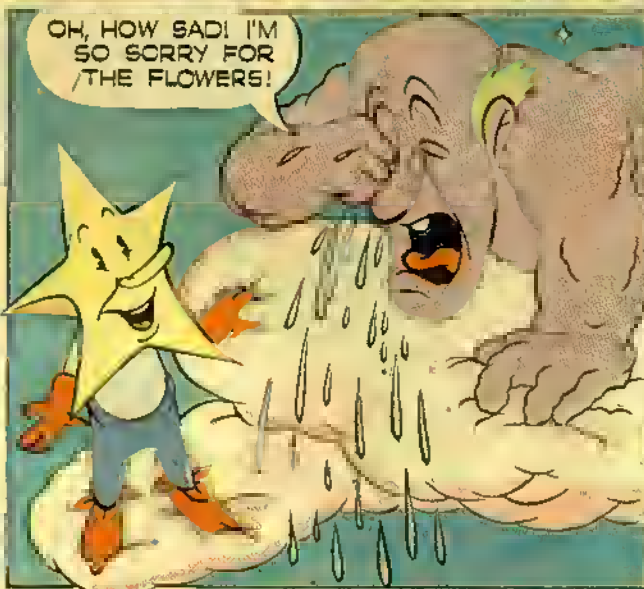
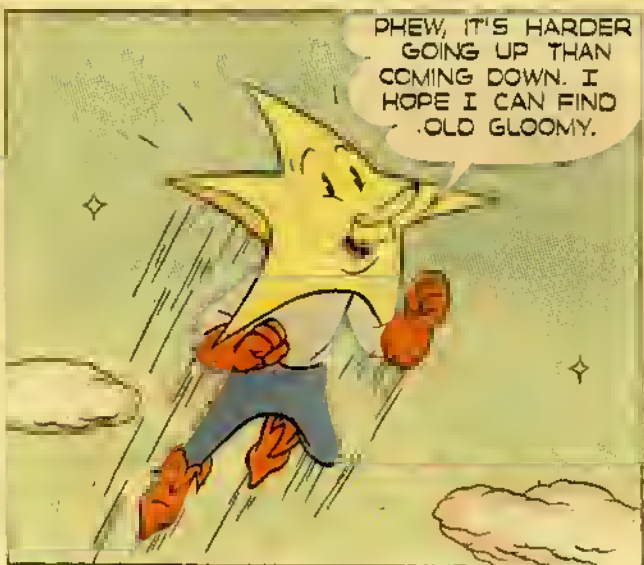
NO RAIN? THAT'S EASY
TO FIX. I'LL GO...

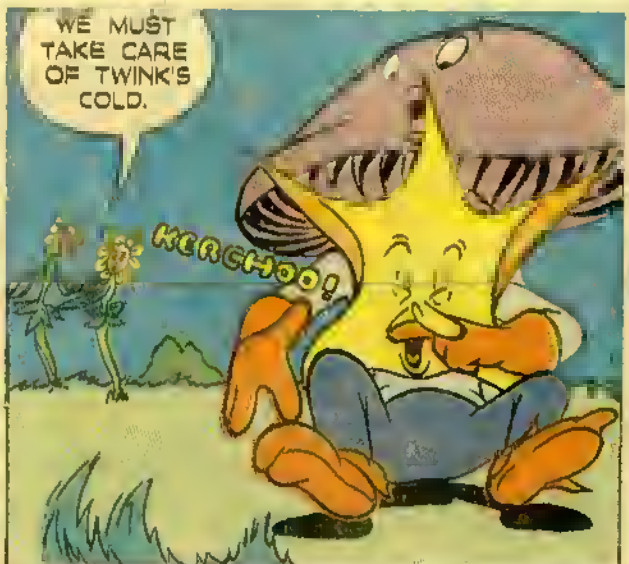
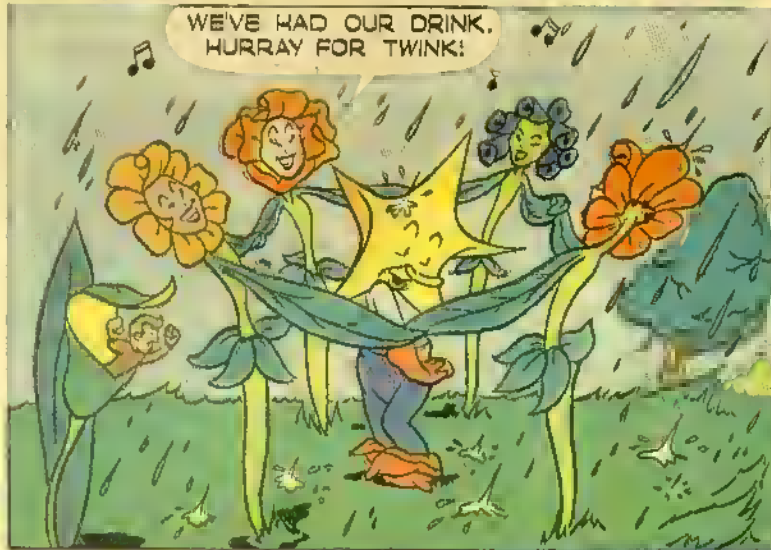
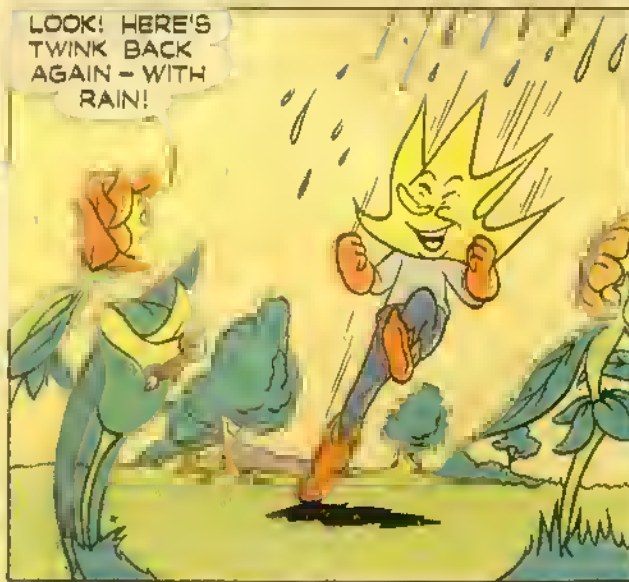


...AND SEE
A FRIEND
OF MINE...



... IN THE SKY. I'LL
GET SOME RAIN
FOR YOU.





The Magic PAINTBRUSH

By
J. ORIOLO



Orlando sat before his easel. He was the saddest artist in Anchovia.

Why couldn't Orlando ever finish painting a picture?
And what happened when his fairy godmother appeared?

THERE were many artists in the far-off kingdom of Anchovia. They were all poor and unhappy, but Orlando was the poorest and unhappiest of all.

Every day, long past his bed time,

Orlando sat before his easel in his cold room. He was the saddest artist in Anchovia because he had never finished painting a picture—not a single picture, not even a small one!

He had tried—hundreds of times.



He would tack a clean, fresh piece of paper on his easel, pick up his brush, and start to paint. But always, when the picture was half-finished, Orlando would throw down his brush and start to cry with great, gulping sobs.

"It's not turning out right!" he would sob. "I can't finish it. If I could only finish a picture, I would be a really great artist!"

But he never did finish painting a picture, and so he remained a very poor and unhappy Orlando, living in a very cold garret.

Then, one day, something wonderful and marvelous happened. There he was, sitting and sobbing over a half-painted picture, when he cried aloud, "Oh, I wish I had a fairy godmother to help me!"

"You *have* a fairy godmother," said a very soft, tinkly voice.

Standing at Orlando's left elbow was a most beautiful fairy! Her hair was soft-white and she wore a silvery gown. And like all fairy godmothers, she carried a wand tipped with a sparkling star.

"I'm your fairy godmother," she said, "and I've been waiting so long for you to ask for me."

Orlando's mouth dropped open in surprise. His fairy godmother tapped his chin with her wand to remind him that it wasn't polite to stare with his mouth open.

"Tell me what troubles you," she said gently. Then she listened to Orlando's story, and when he had finished, she smiled gently.

"Close your eyes, Orlando," she said, "and hold out your hands, and begin to count slowly."

Orlando closed his eyes, held out his hands, and began to count, "One-two-three-four-five—" Suddenly he heard a little POP! He opened his eyes. And there in his hands was a paintbrush! It was a plain, everyday paintbrush. Orlando was just about to say, "Oh, a brush!" in a disappointed sort of way, when his fairy godmother spoke.

"Guard this brush well," she whispered. "It is a magic paintbrush! With it you can paint the most beautiful pictures in the world!"

"My goodness!" cried Orlando. His eyes were as big as fifty-cent pieces. "Thank you! Now I'll be able to finish painting my pictures!" But nobody heard him, for his fairy godmother had quietly disappeared.

He hurried over to his easel and tacked on a clean piece of paper. Then he poured some colors on his palette, dipped his magic brush with them and began to paint a picture.

The brush glided over the paper with amazing speed. He touched it here, swished it there, swooped it in this corner, and swabbed it in that—touch, swish, swoop, swab—and the picture was finished. Orlando was the happiest artist alive!

Every day, Orlando painted picture after picture. Each one, painted by the magic paintbrush, was more beautiful than the one before. Soon, everyone in the kingdom of Anchovia heard about Orlando's marvelous pictures. His little room was crowded with people eager to watch him paint, or to have the great Orlando paint their portraits.

Even Carmello, King of Anchovia, wanted to see Orlando. He sent for Orlando to paint beautiful Princess Jasmine's portrait.

Orlando was proud and excited when he received the King's order. With his smock and beret neatly pressed, and with his paint box and magic paintbrush under his arm, Orlando appeared in the throne room. All the lords and ladies were gathered as Orlando bowed low before King Carmello and lovely Princess Jasmine.

King Carmello clapped his hands twice. A footman entered carrying a shiny mahogany box which he opened and set before the King. Orlando peeked into the box. It was filled with the most beautiful paintbrushes he had

ever seen! The handles were made of pure white ivory, with thin gold bands. The bristles were velvety, sable hair.

"Magnificent!" Orlando gasped. "They're—they're—" he thought hard for a few moments, and then ended weakly, "they're magnificent!"

The King beamed with pride. "They're the finest brushes in the whole WORLD! I want you to paint my daughter's portrait with them."

Orlando's face turned pale. "Oh, I—uh—I couldn't do that, Your Majesty," he exclaimed. "I—I have a special little brush that I must use. No others will do."

"Poo!" the King shouted. "Why not, pray tell?"

Orlando's face turned a very pale green. "Your Majesty," he said in a weak voice, "I have a special reason for wanting to use my own brush."

"Reason?" the King shouted. "Nonsense! What reason can you possibly have?"

Orlando's face changed to a deep purplish-blue. "It's—it's a secret," he whispered in a frightened voice.

"Oh, come now, you can tell me," coaxed the King. "Please tell me." Then he remembered he was the great Carmello, and shouted, "I'm the King! You'd better tell me!"

Then Orlando knew that he must tell his secret. Sorrowfully he told the King about his magic brush, and how it was the brush, and not he himself, that painted all the beautiful pictures.

King Carmello, Princess Jasmine and all the lords and ladies were



A footman set the box before the king. Orlando peeked in the box. It was filled with brushes!

shocked when they heard the story. Princess Jasmine felt very sad, for she had fallen in love with Orlando.

The King moaned, "Orlando, how you have disappointed us! How you have tricked us! Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

Poor Orlando hung his head and wept huge tears.

"I can do only one thing," said the King. "I must send you away from the kingdom of Anchovia," and the King pointed an accusing finger at the sobbing artist.

"Please, Your Majesty," said a very soft, tinkly voice, "won't you wait just a moment?"

And to everyone's astonishment, Orlando's fairy godmother appeared and curtsied low before the King.

"May I speak?" she asked.

"Oh — uh — yes, ma'am. Go right ahead!" the King said, not feeling very king-like just then.

"Dear Orlando," she said, lifting Orlando's bowed head, "I must tell you something. That brush I gave you was *not* a magic brush!"

"WHAT?" everyone shouted.

"No!" she continued, with a gay little laugh. "You see, I knew that Orlando didn't believe in himself. He didn't really believe he could paint. So I pretended to give him a magic paintbrush. But it wasn't the brush at all that painted those beautiful pictures. It was Orlando! He only *thought* it was the magic paintbrush. Now I must depart."

And, with a wave of her wand, the fairy godmother disappeared.

Orlando stood there quietly a minute, thinking over what his fairy godmother had said.

Then he shouted, "Hurrah!" because now he knew he could paint

with any brush he wanted to use. And he wanted to use the royal brushes to paint Princess Jasmine's portrait.

"Hurrah!" shouted King Carmello, Princess Jasmine, and all the lords and ladies of the court. They were happy because now Orlando would not be banished from the kingdom of Anchovia. Princess Jasmine was especially happy because, if you remember, she had fallen in love with Orlando. So she shouted an extra "Hurrah!"

After that, everything was fine. Orlando painted Princess Jasmine's portrait. Everyone in Anchovia agreed that it was the best picture he had ever



"Hurrah!" shouted King Carmello, Princess Jasmine, and all of the lords and ladies.

painted. King Carmello gave Orlando the beautiful ivory-handled brushes, but Orlando hung the fairy godmother's paintbrush on the wall to remind himself that his magic power was really confidence in himself.

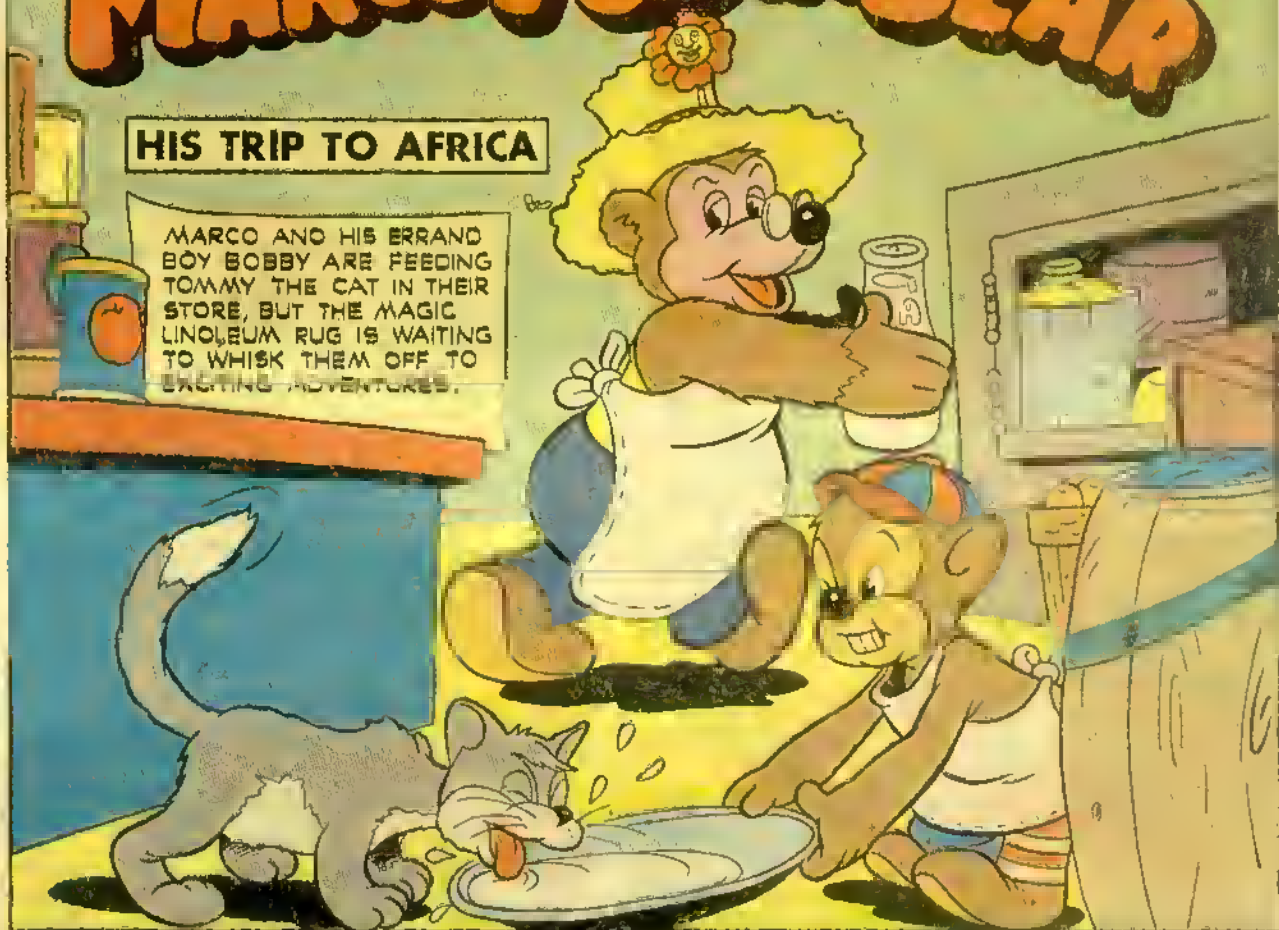
What else did Orlando do? He married Princess Jasmine and they lived happily ever after.

(MARCO POLO WAS ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST EXPLORERS)

MARCO POLAR BEAR

HIS TRIP TO AFRICA

MARCO AND HIS ERRAND BOY BOBBY ARE FEEDING TOMMY THE CAT IN THEIR STORE, BUT THE MAGIC LINOLEUM RUG IS WAITING TO WHISK THEM OFF TO EXCITING ADVENTURES.



GOSH, MR. POLAR, I BET TOMMY IS THE BIGGEST CAT IN THE WHOLE WORLD.

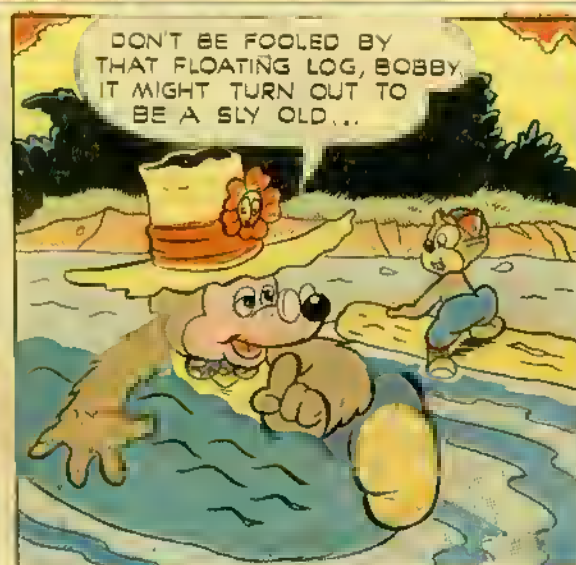
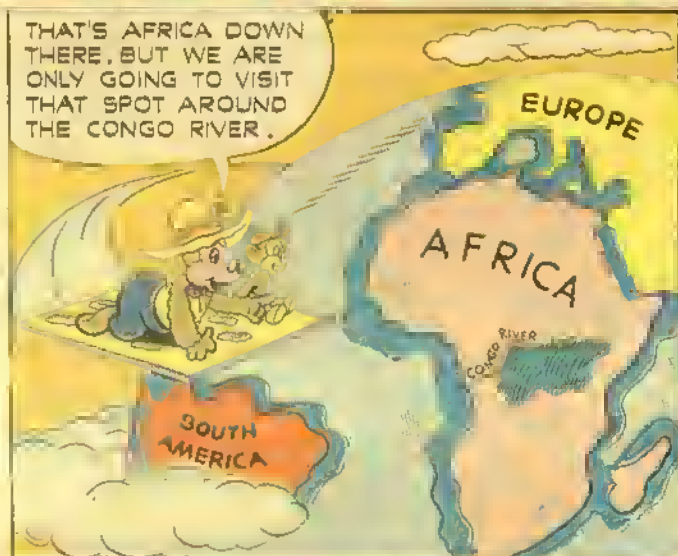
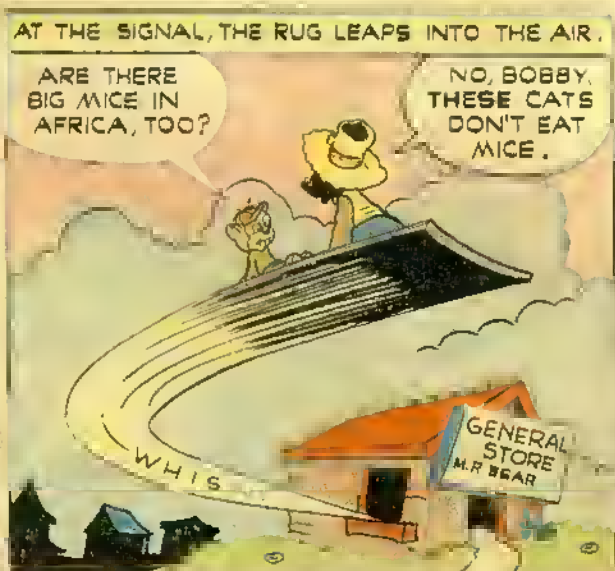
I KNOW A PLACE WHERE HE'D BE THE SMALLEST.

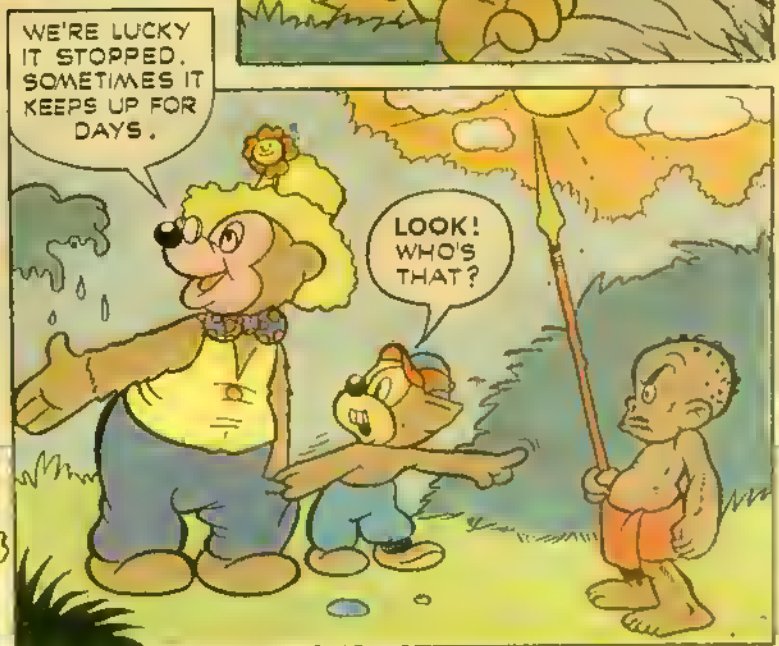
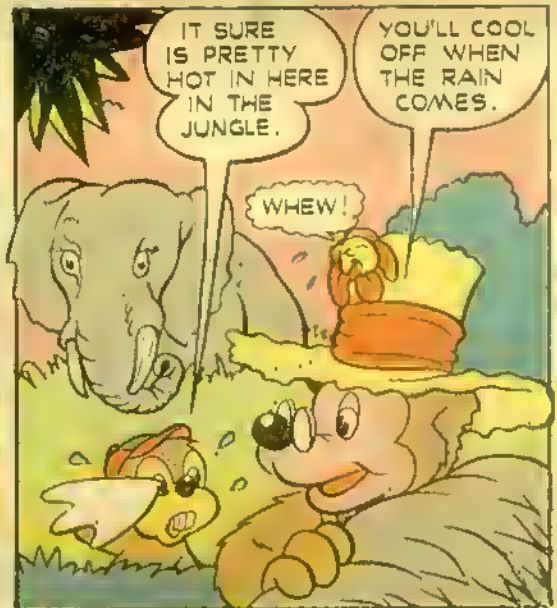
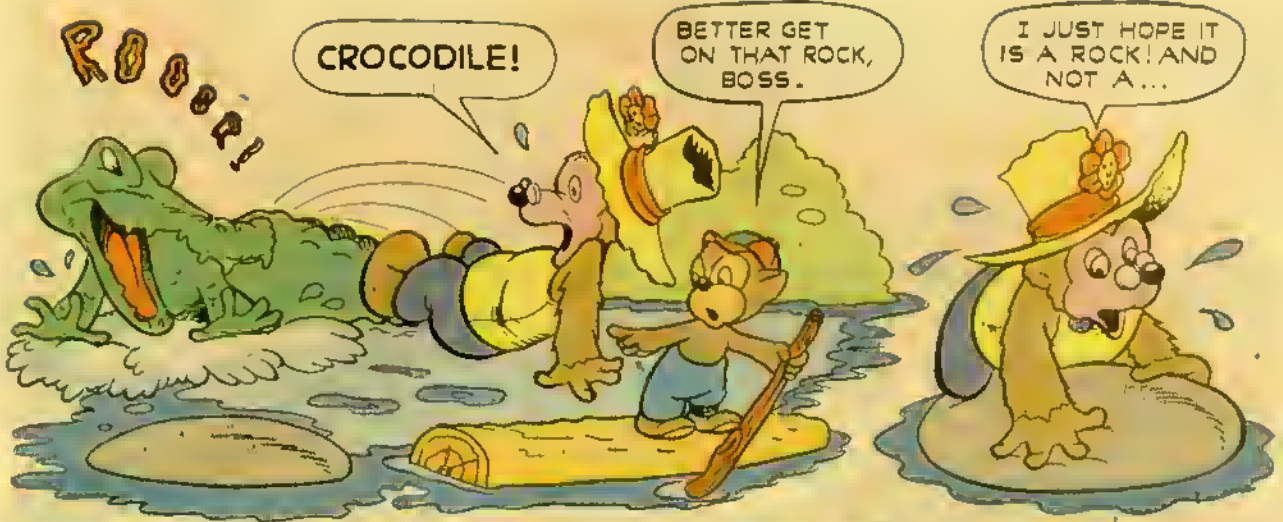


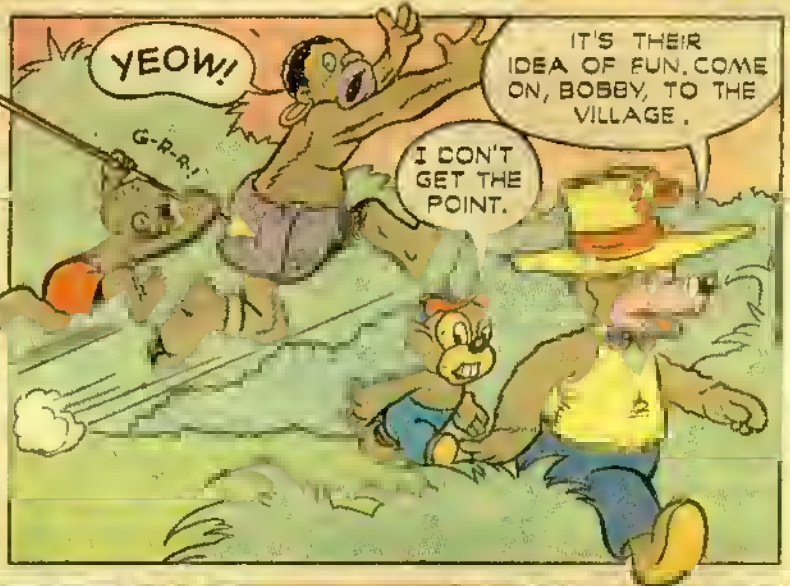
OH BOY! CAN WE GO THERE NOW?

UH-HUH! I'LL TAKE ALONG THIS JEWELRY TO USE INSTEAD OF MONEY WHEN WE TRADE WITH THE NATIVES.

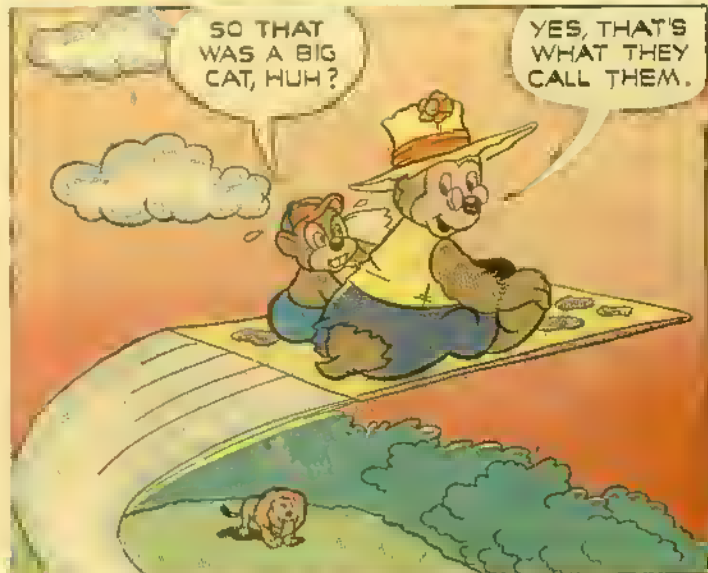
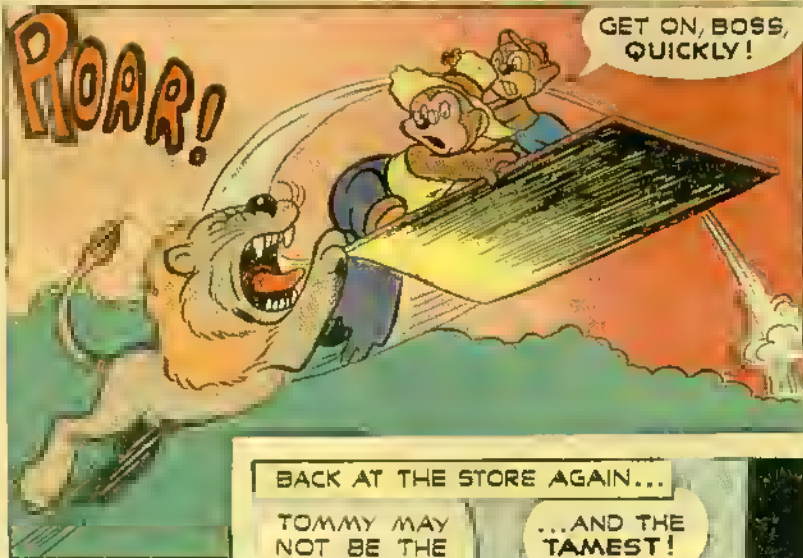
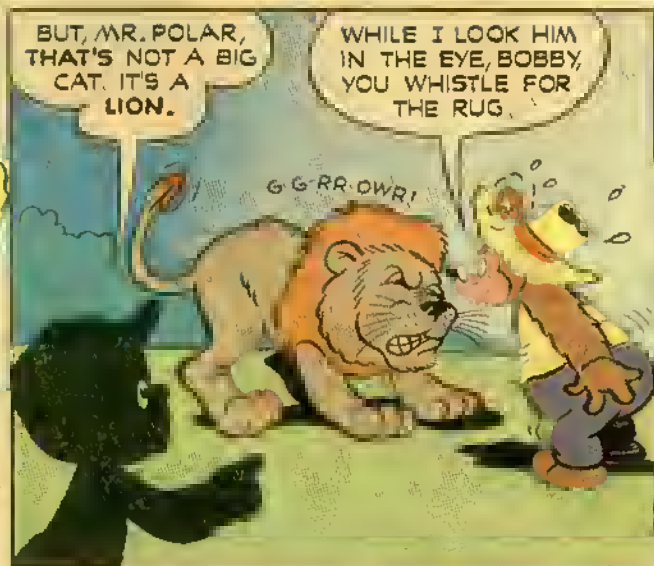
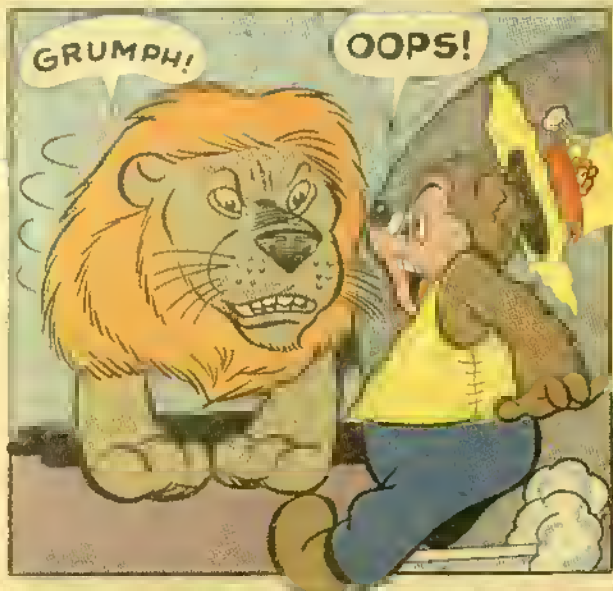












ANOTHER MARCO POLAR BEAR ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

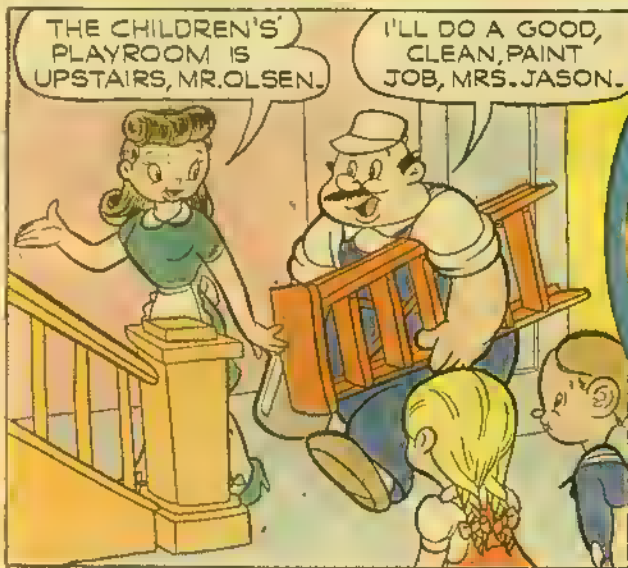
MARCO'S PUZZLE PAGE

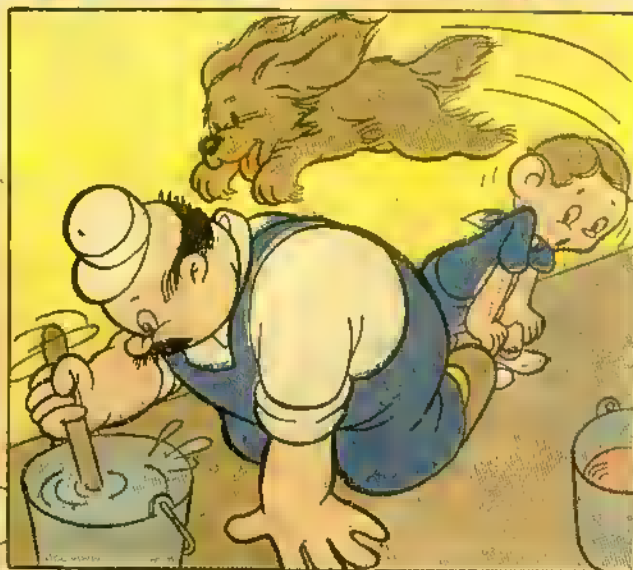
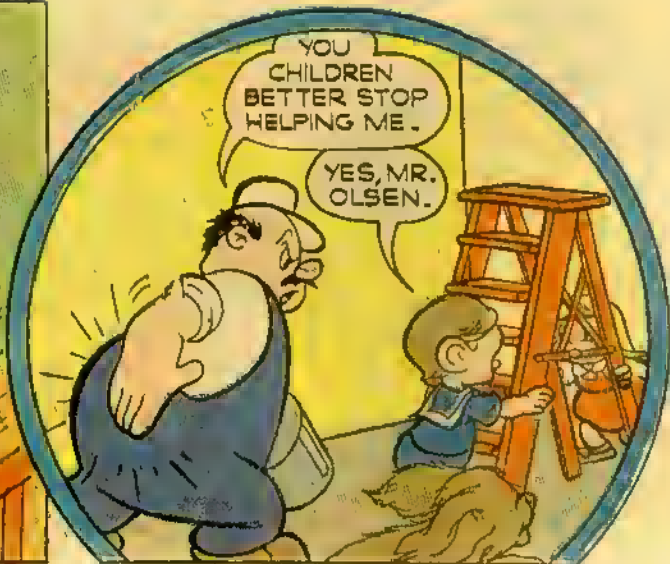
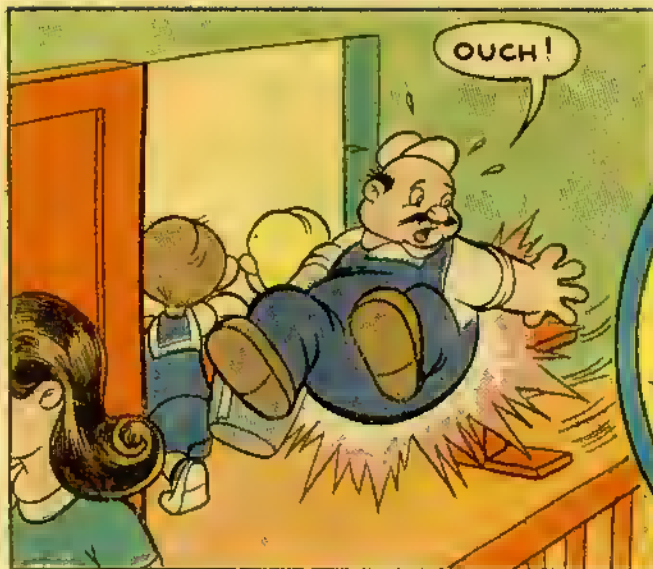


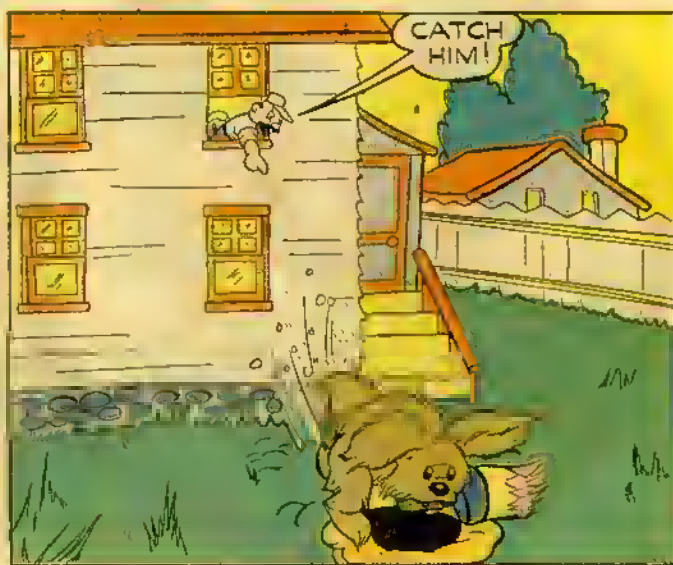
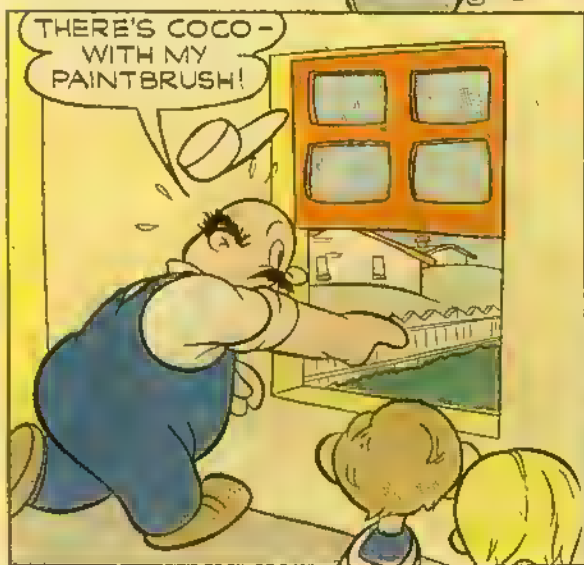
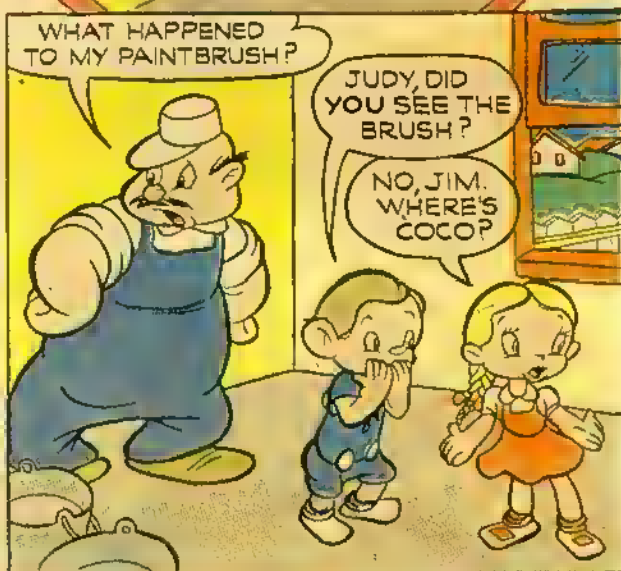
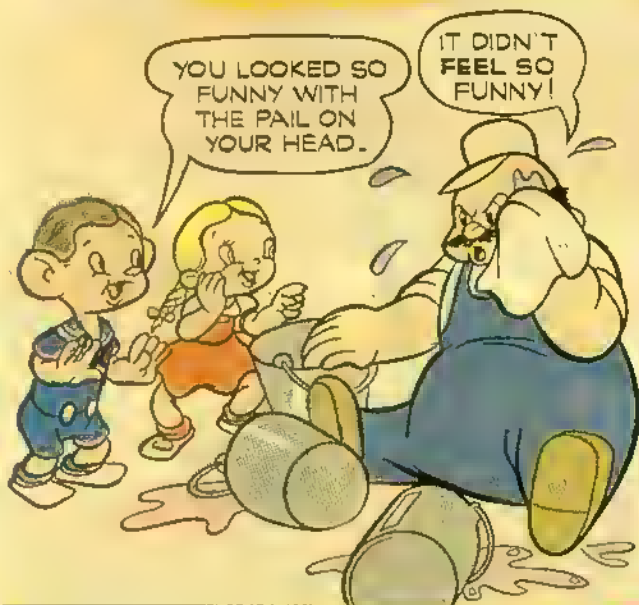
JIM AND JUDY

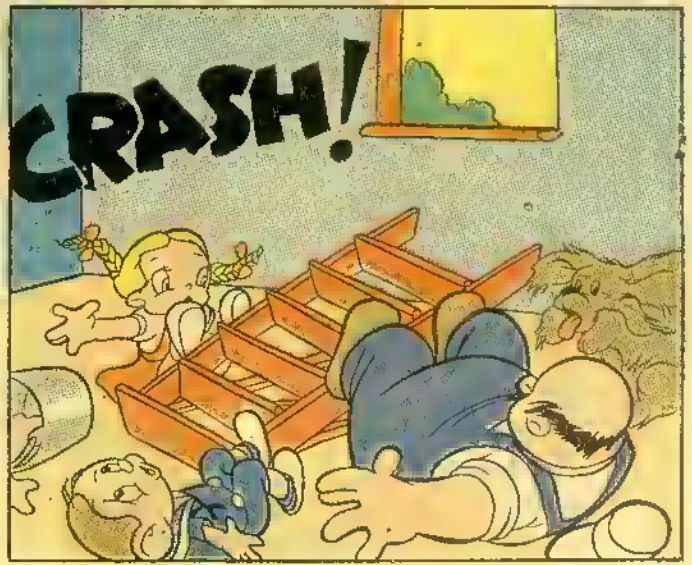
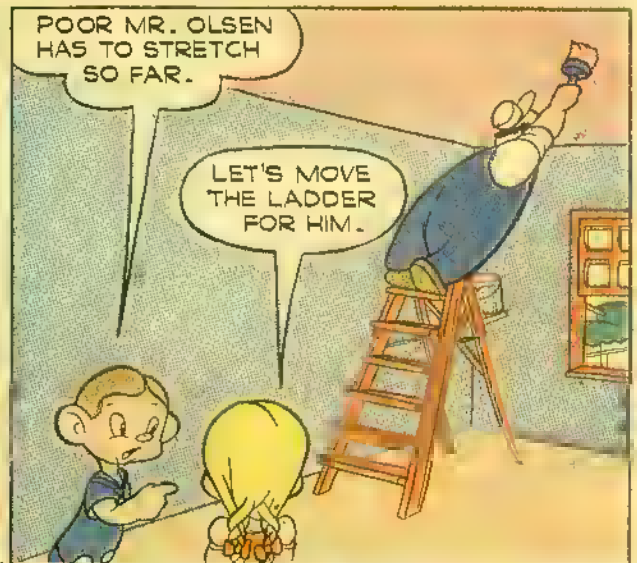
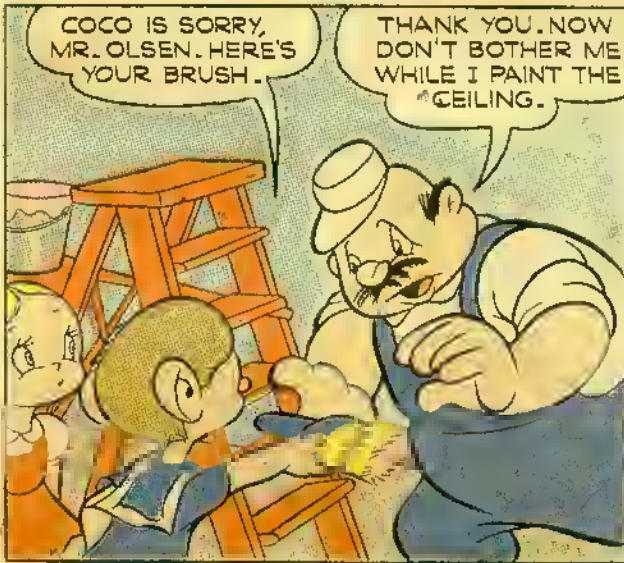
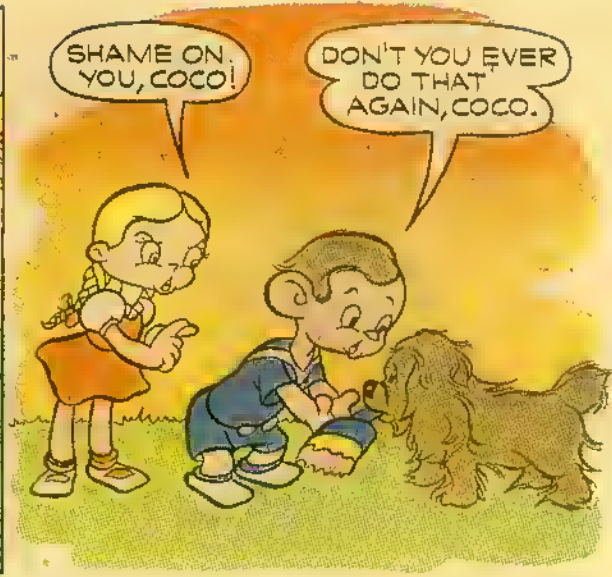
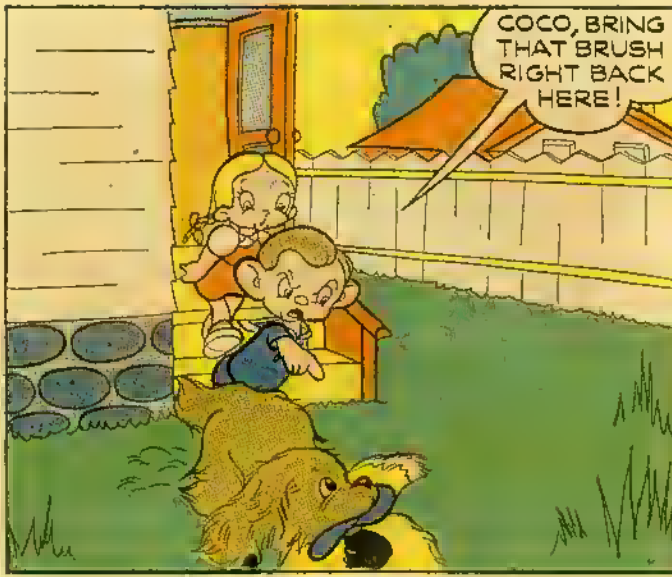
HELP THE PAINTER

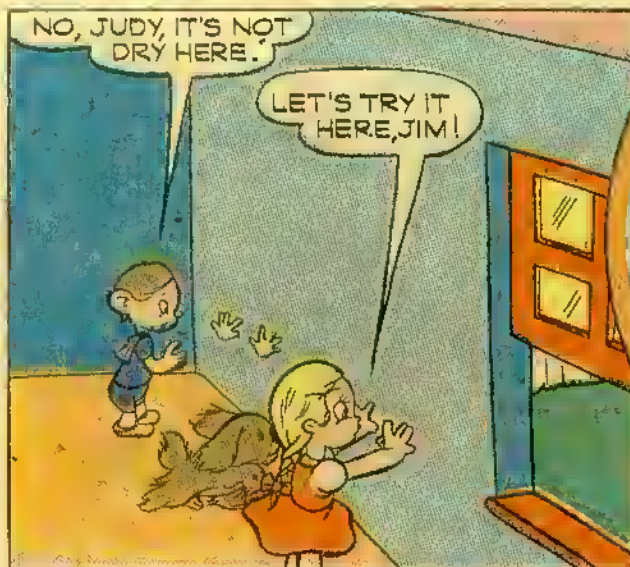
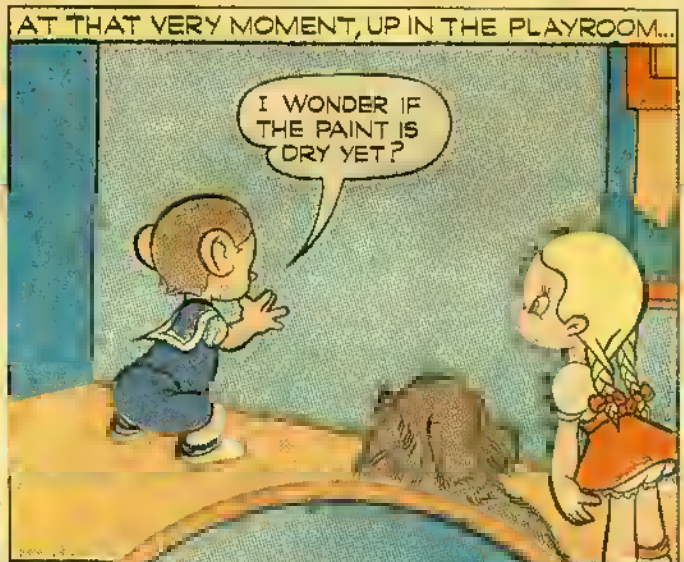
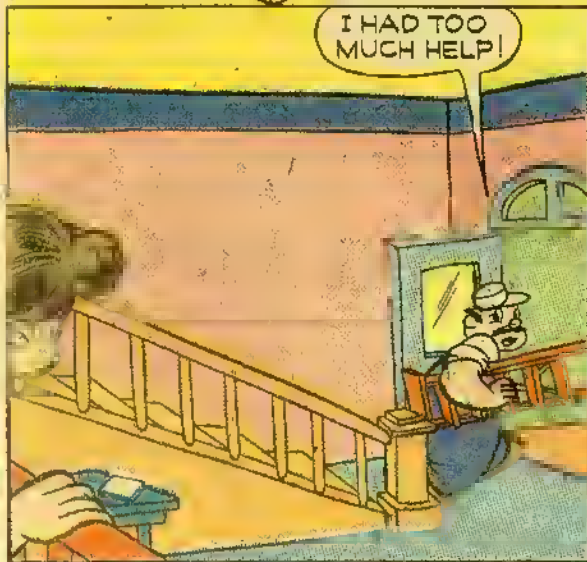
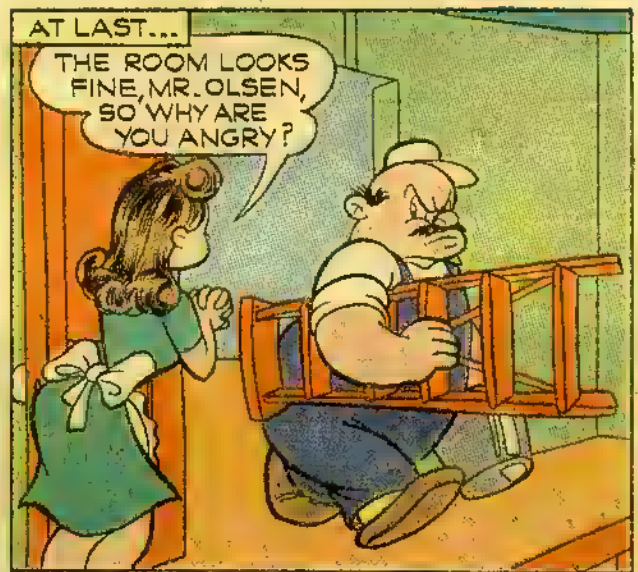
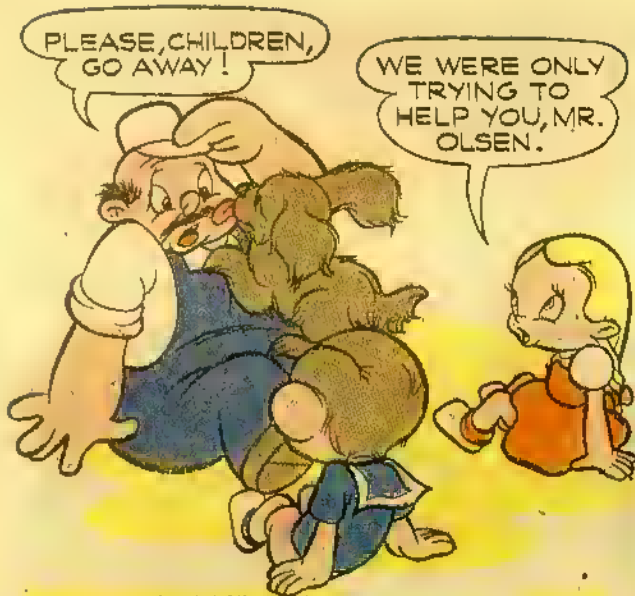
FUNNY THINGS HAPPEN
WHEN JIM AND JUDY
HELP TO PAINT THEIR
PLAYROOM.



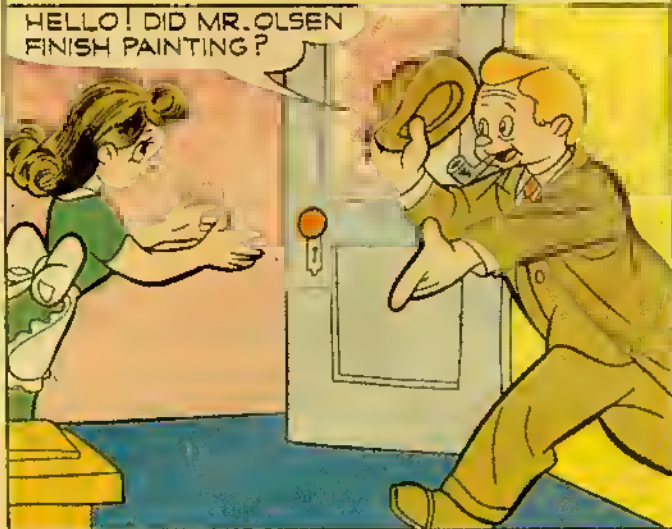








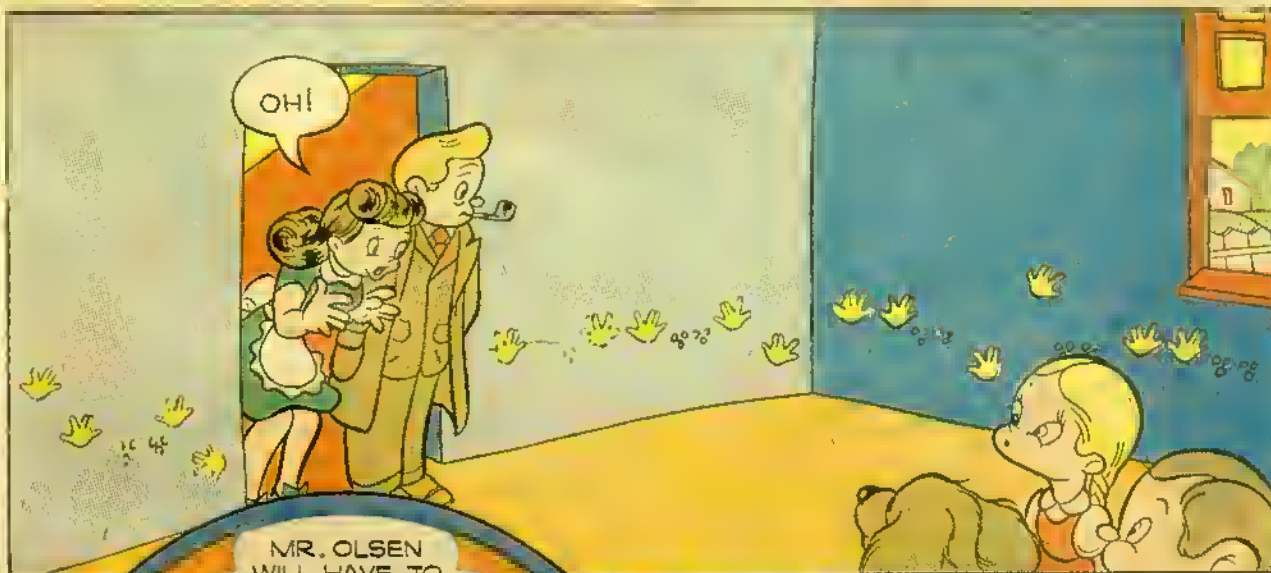
WHEN THE CHILDREN'S FATHER CAME HOME...
HELLO! DID MR. OLSEN
FINISH PAINTING?



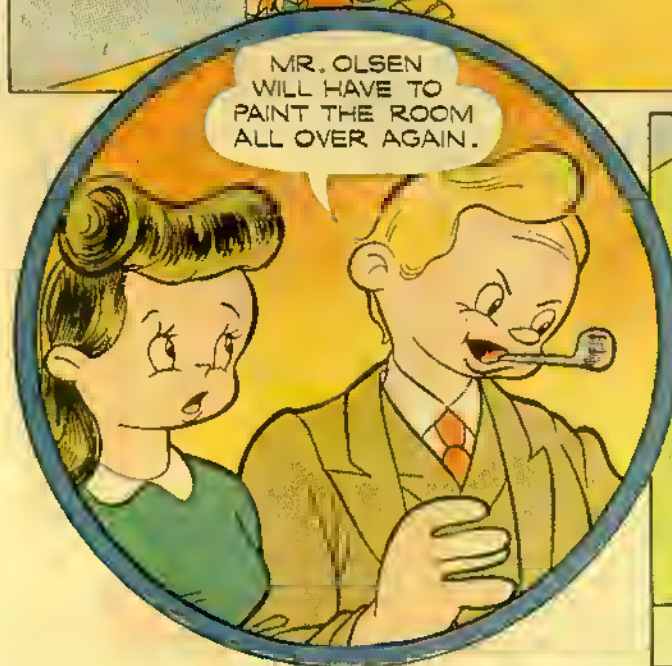
WAIT TILL
YOU SEE IT!



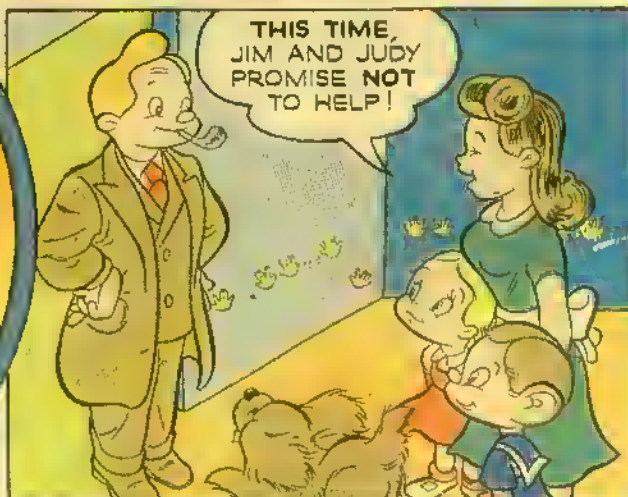
OH!



MR. OLSEN
WILL HAVE TO
PAINT THE ROOM
ALL OVER AGAIN.



THIS TIME,
JIM AND JUDY
PROMISE NOT
TO HELP!



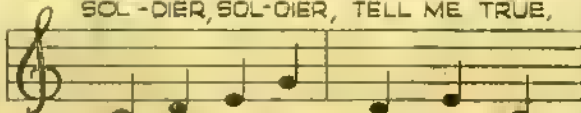
ANOTHER JIM AND JUDY STORY WILL
BE IN THE NEXT CALLING ALL KIDS.

MUSICAL COMICS

THE SOLDIER'S HAT



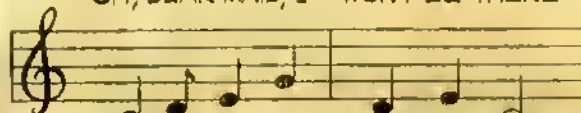
SOL-DIER, SOL-DIER, TELL ME TRUE,



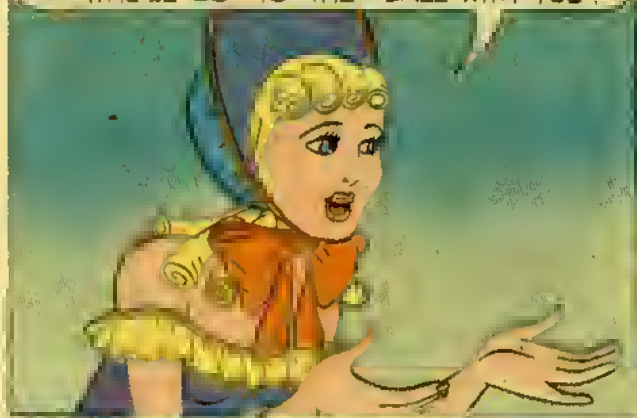
WHO'LL GO TO THE BALL WITH YOU?

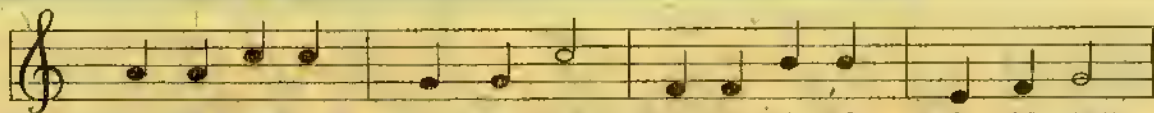


OH, DEAR MAID, I WON'T BE THERE



FOR I HAVE NO HAT TO WEAR.

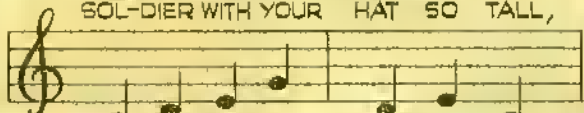




UP THE STAIRS THE MAID - EN FLEW, FOUND A HAT AS GOOD AS NEW.



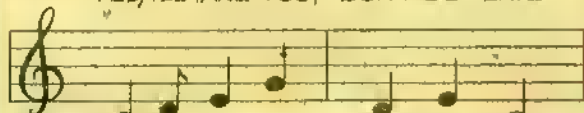
SOL-DIER WITH YOUR HAT SO TALL,



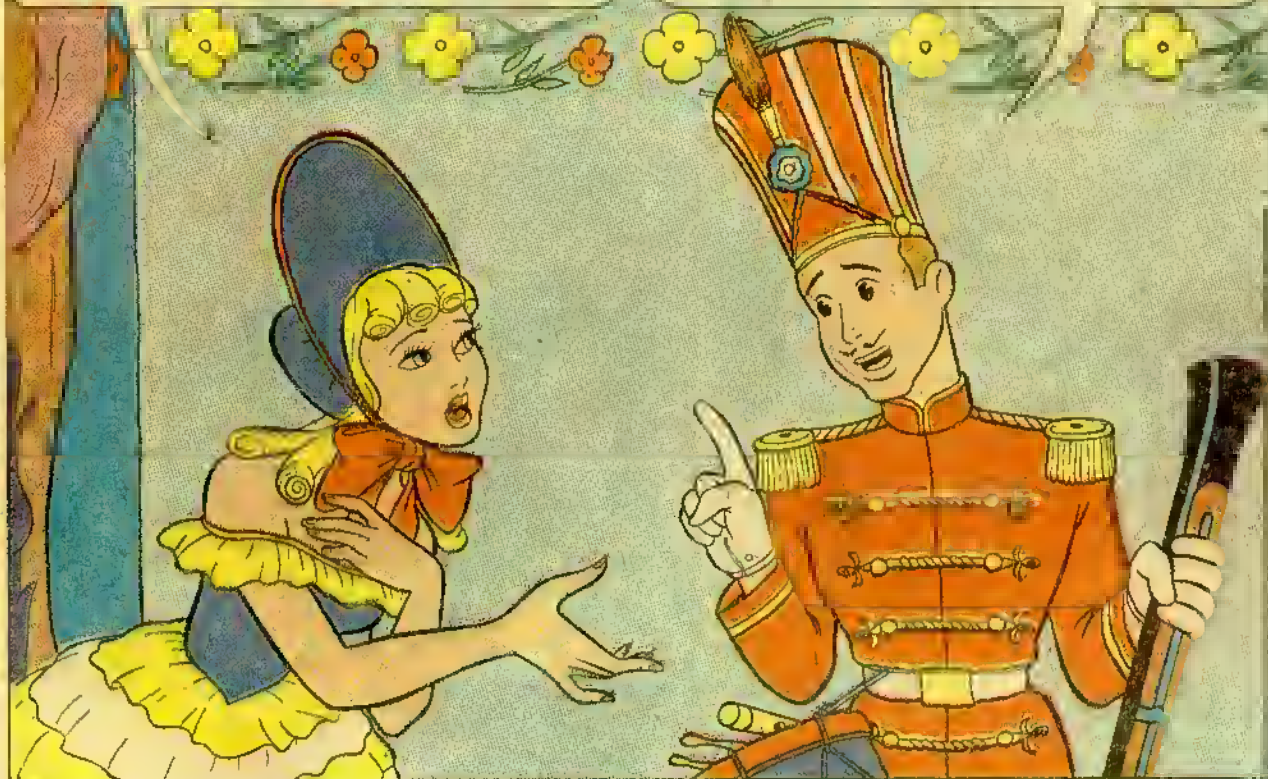
WILL YOU TAKE ME TO THE BALL?



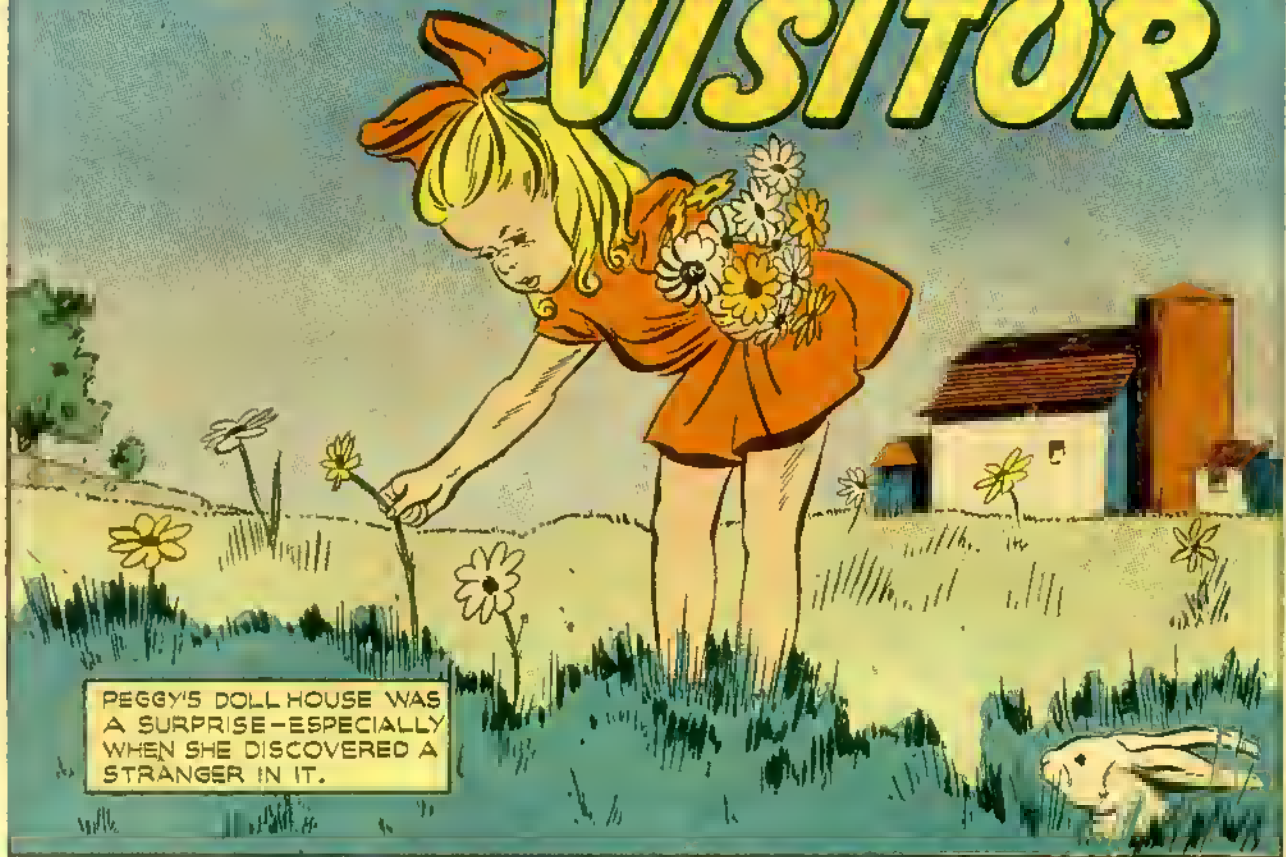
YES, I'LL TAKE YOU, DON'T BE LATE



WHEN I CALL AT HALF-PAST EIGHT



THE SURPRISE VISITOR

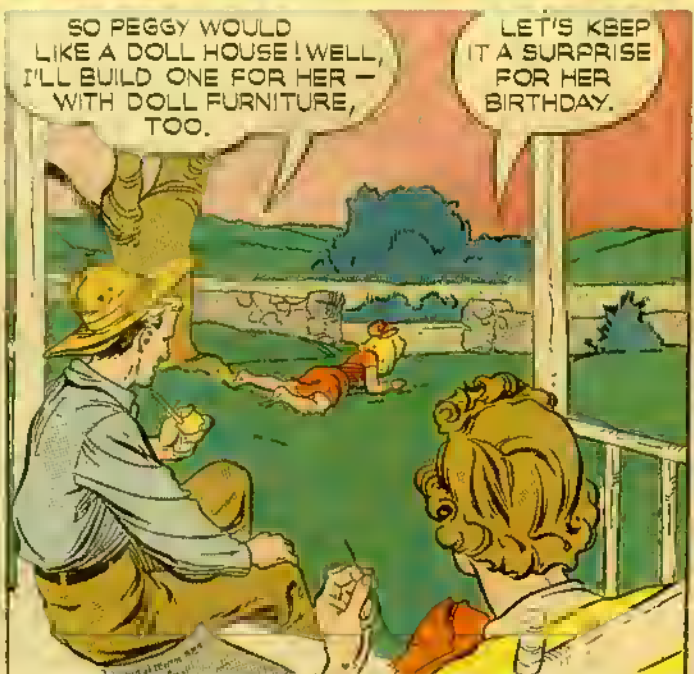


PEGGY'S DOLL HOUSE WAS A SURPRISE—ESPECIALLY WHEN SHE DISCOVERED A STRANGER IN IT.



PEGGY, WHY DON'T YOU PLAY WITH YOUR DOLLS ANYMORE?

THEY'RE NO FUN WITHOUT A DOLL HOUSE FOR THEM TO LIVE IN.



SO PEGGY WOULD LIKE A DOLL HOUSE! WELL, I'LL BUILD ONE FOR HER—WITH DOLL FURNITURE, TOO.

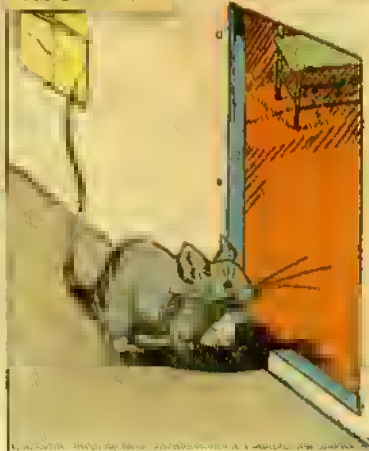
LET'S KEEP IT A SURPRISE FOR HER BIRTHDAY.

EVERY NIGHT, AFTER PEGGY WAS ASLEEP, HER FATHER WORKED IN THE WOOD SHED.

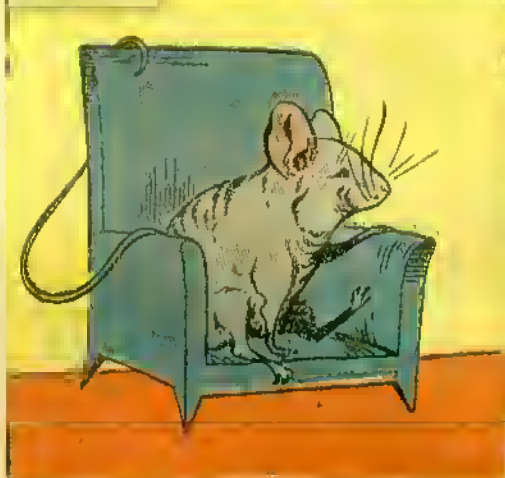
THE DOLL HOUSE AND FURNITURE WILL BE FINISHED TONIGHT - IN TIME FOR PEGGY'S BIRTHDAY TOMORROW.



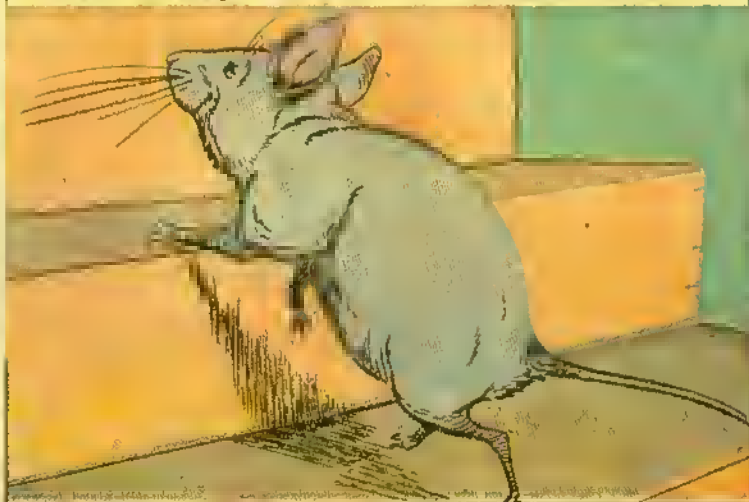
WHEN EVERYTHING WAS READY, PEGGY'S FATHER LEFT THE SURPRISE IN THE WOOD SHED AND WENT TO SLEEP. HE DIDN'T KNOW THAT A TINY MOUSE CREEPT INTO THE LITTLE HOUSE...



...AND SAT IN ALL THE LITTLE CHAIRS...



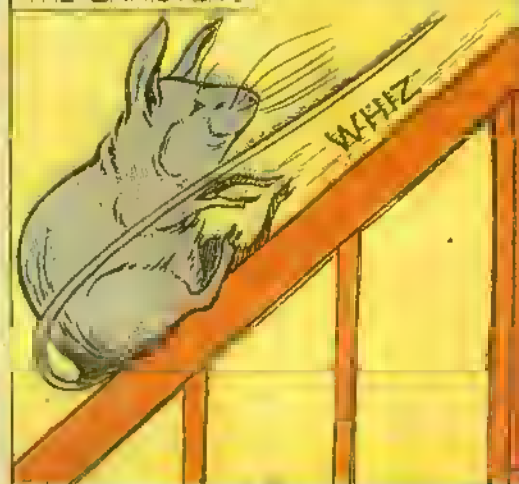
...AND CLIMBED UPSTAIRS TO THE BEDROOMS...



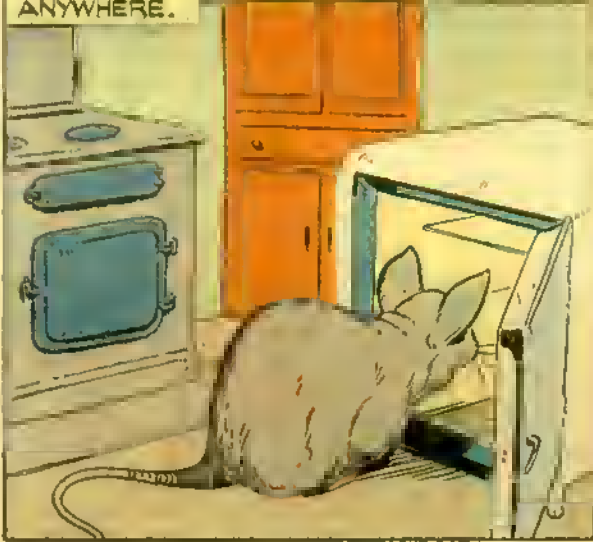
... AND BOUNCED ON ALL THE LITTLE BEDS.



THEN THE TINY MOUSE SLID DOWN THE BANISTER!



HE WAS HUNGRY NOW, SO HE WENT TO THE KITCHEN. BUT THERE WAS NO FOOD ANYWHERE.



THEN THE MOUSE WENT UPSTAIRS AGAIN AND SNUGGLED INTO ONE OF THE LITTLE BEDS. SOON, HE WAS FAST ASLEEP.

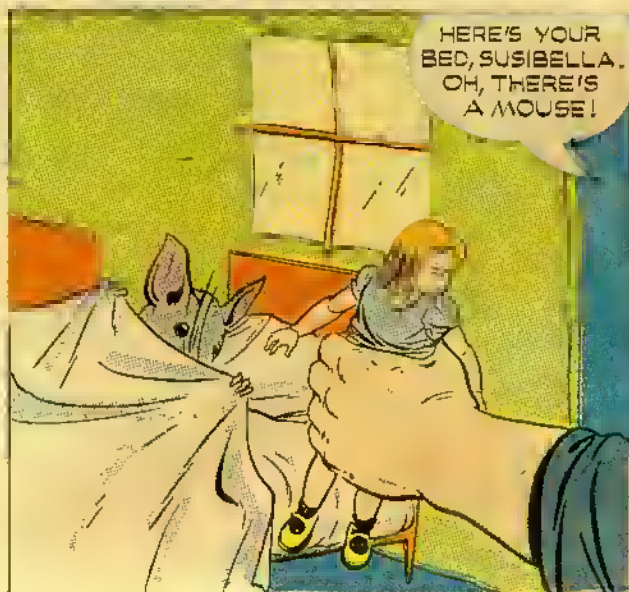


EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...

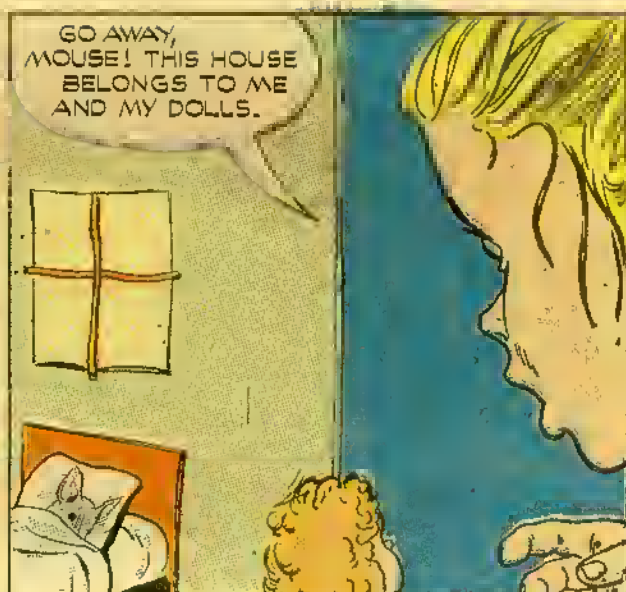


SUSIBELLA, YOU SIT THERE TILL I GET YOUR BED READY. AFTER I GET DRESSED, I'LL PUT YOU TO SLEEP.

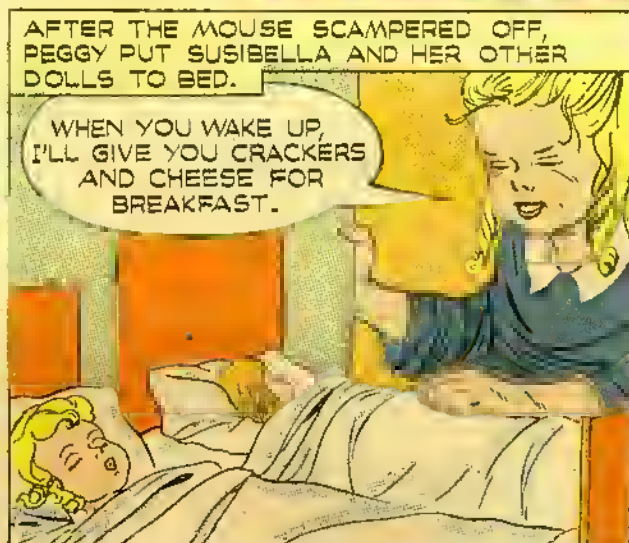




HERE'S YOUR
BED, SUSIBELLA.
OH, THERE'S
A MOUSE!

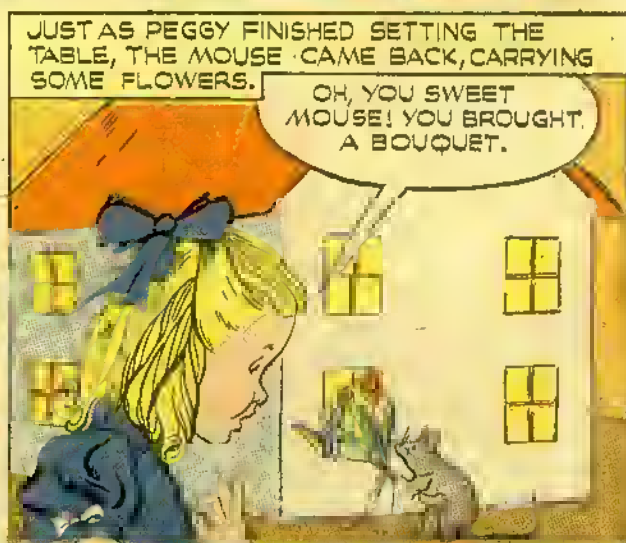


GO AWAY,
MOUSE! THIS HOUSE
BELONGS TO ME
AND MY DOLLS.



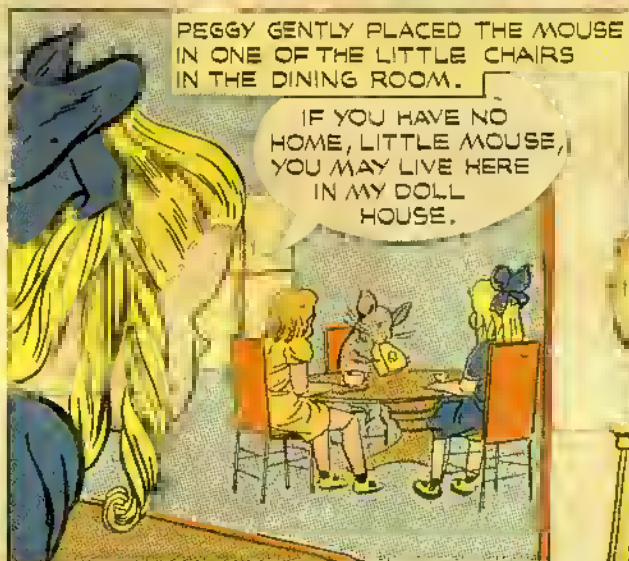
AFTER THE MOUSE SCAMPERED OFF,
PEGGY PUT SUSIBELLA AND HER OTHER
DOLLS TO BED.

WHEN YOU WAKE UP,
I'LL GIVE YOU CRACKERS
AND CHEESE FOR
BREAKFAST.



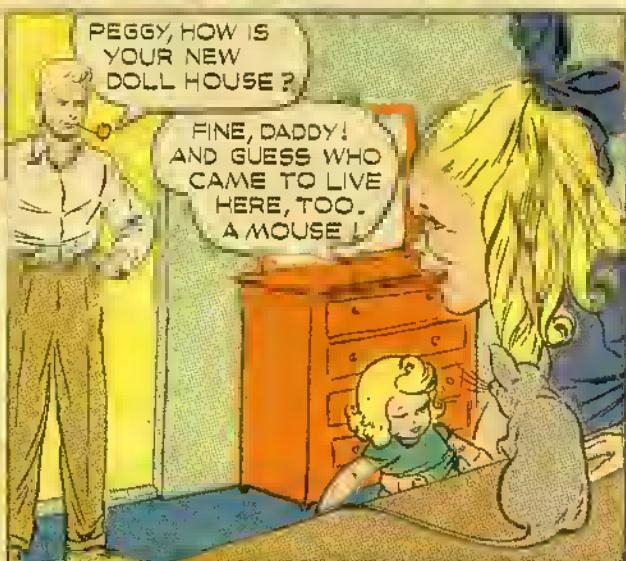
JUST AS PEGGY FINISHED SETTING THE
TABLE, THE MOUSE CAME BACK, CARRYING
SOME FLOWERS.

OH, YOU SWEET
MOUSE! YOU BROUGHT
A BOUQUET.



PEGGY GENTLY PLACED THE MOUSE
IN ONE OF THE LITTLE CHAIRS
IN THE DINING ROOM.

IF YOU HAVE NO
HOME, LITTLE MOUSE,
YOU MAY LIVE HERE
IN MY DOLL
HOUSE.



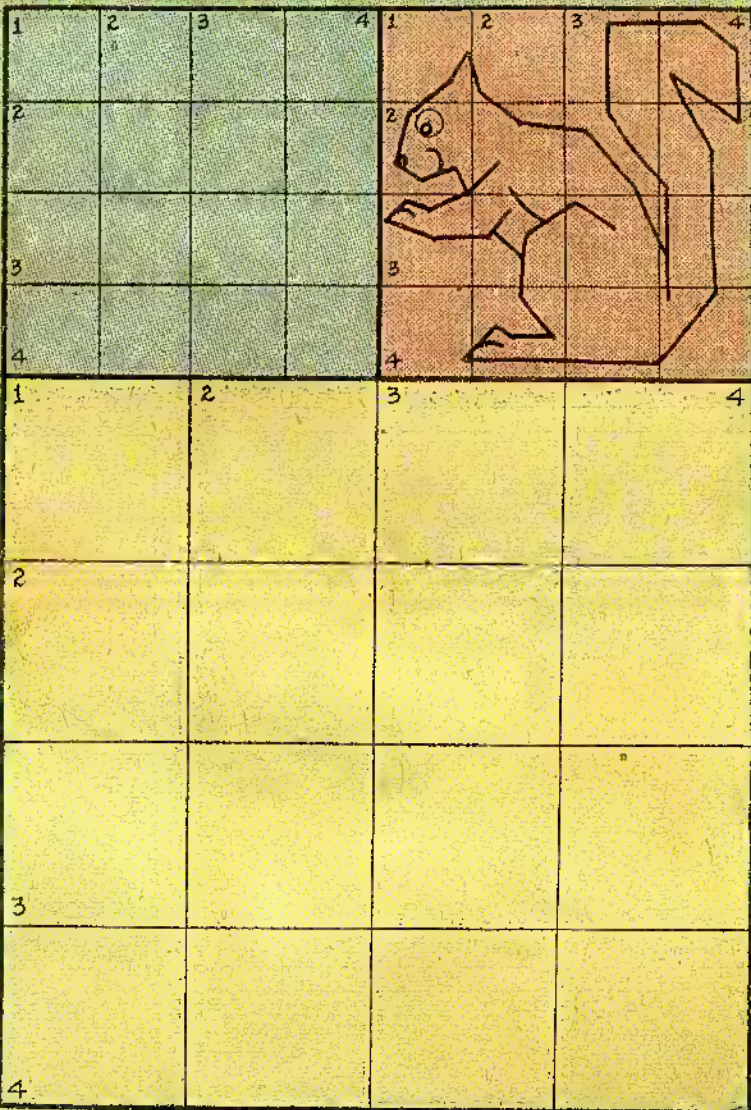
PEGGY, HOW IS
YOUR NEW
DOLL HOUSE?

FINE, DADDY!
AND GUESS WHO
CAME TO LIVE
HERE, TOO.
A MOUSE!

DOUBLE FUN

SQUIRREL TWINS

YOU CAN DRAW ANOTHER SQUIRREL EXACTLY LIKE THE ONE YOU SEE HERE. DRAW THE LINES IN THE BLUE SQUARES JUST AS THEY ARE IN THE PINK SQUARES. THEN, IF YOU WANT A THIRD SQUIRREL THAT'S MUCH BIGGER USE THE BOX WITH THE YELLOW SQUARES. BE SURE YOU DRAW YOUR LINES IN THE SAME POSITIONS AS YOU DID IN THE BLUE SQUARES.



Advertisement

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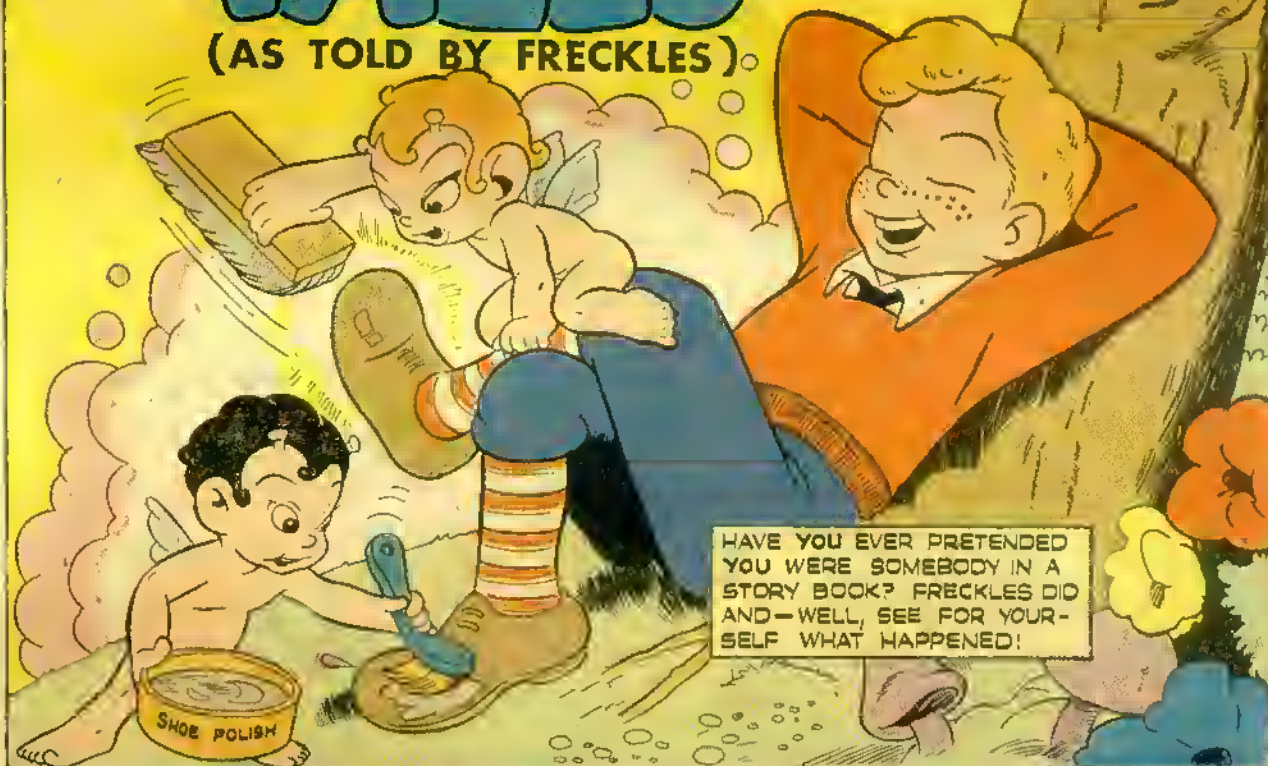
SEEING DOUBLE

HOLD A PIECE OF STRING (ABOUT EIGHTEEN INCHES LONG) LIKE MISS MONKEY IS HOLDING IT. PLACE ONE END BETWEEN YOUR EYES. NOW, HOW MANY PIECES OF STRING DO YOU SEE?



WONDER TALES

(AS TOLD BY FRECKLES)

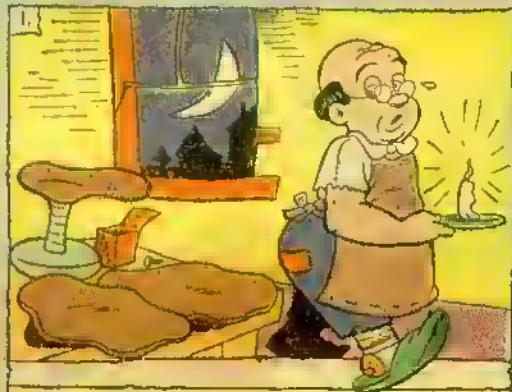


HAVE YOU EVER PRETENDED YOU WERE SOMEBODY IN A STORY BOOK? FRECKLES DID AND—WELL, SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT HAPPENED!



COME ON OVER, KITTENS, AND LOOK AT THE PICTURES WHILE I READ THIS STORY ABOUT
**THE SHOEMAKER
AND THE ELVES.**

The Shoemaker



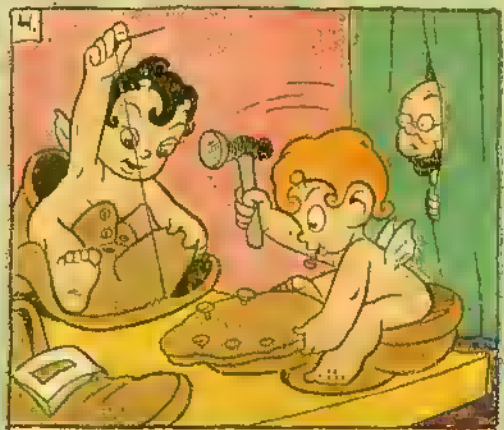
ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A SHOEMAKER, HE WAS SO POOR THAT ALL HE OWNED WAS TWO PIECES OF LEATHER TO MAKE ONE PAIR OF SHOES. "I'LL MAKE THEM TOMORROW," HE SAID, AS HE WENT SLEEPY TO BED.



BUT THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN HE CAME BACK TO HIS WORK BENCH, THE SHOES WERE ALL FINISHED! JUST THEN A CUSTOMER CAME IN AND BOUGHT THE SHOES FOR TWO PIECES OF GOLD.

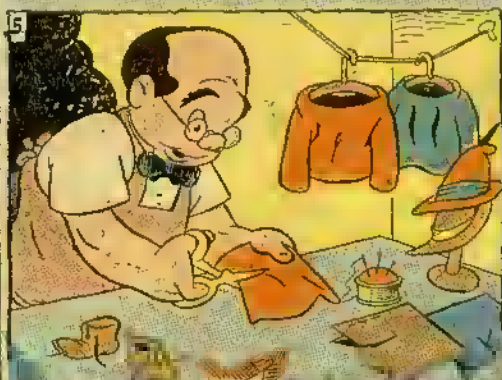


WITH THE GOLD, THE SHOEMAKER BOUGHT MORE LEATHER. EACH NIGHT HE LAID THE LEATHER ON THE BENCH. EACH MORNING HE FOUND THE SHOES ALL FINISHED. SOON THE POOR SHOEMAKER SOLD SO MANY SHOES THAT HE BECAME A RICH SHOEMAKER.

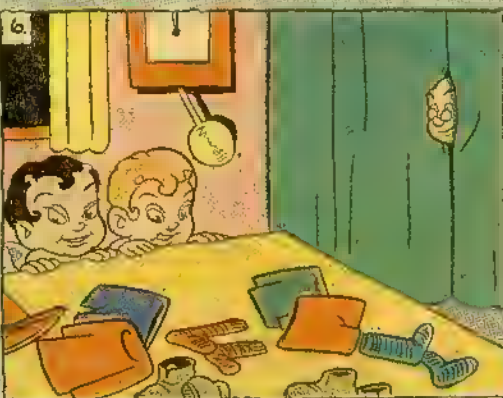


ONE NIGHT HE DECIDED TO FIND OUT WHO MADE THE SHOES, SO HE HID HIMSELF AND WATCHED. AT MIDNIGHT TWO LITTLE ELVES, WITHOUT ANY CLOTHES ON, ENTERED AND BEGAN MAKING SHOES.

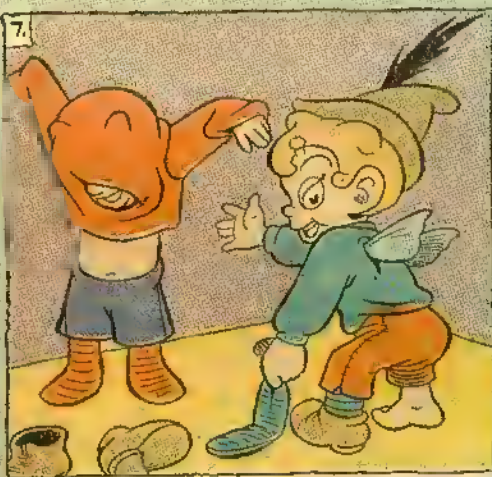
and the Elves



THE SHOEMAKER WAS A KIND MAN AND HE THOUGHT, "IT'S TOO COOL FOR THEM WITHOUT ANY CLOTHES." SO HE SET TO WORK MAKING CLOTHES FOR ALL OF THE LITTLE FOLK.



WHEN ALL WAS FINISHED, HE LAID THE CLOTHES ON HIS BENCH. THEN HE HID AND WATCHED. HOW HAPPY THE LITTLE ELVES LOOKED!



IN A TWINKLING THEY DRESSED THEMSELVES, SINGING — "WHAT HAPPY ELVES ARE WE! NO LONGER COBBLERS WE WILL BE!"



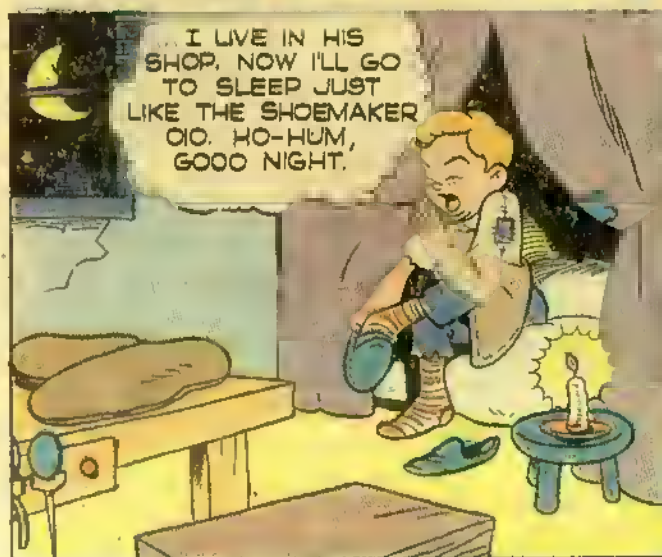
YOU SEE, 'TIS SAID THAT WHEN FAIRY FOLK GET GIFTS, THEY ARE FREE TO RUN AWAY. SO, SINGING AND DANCING, THE ELVES RAN AWAY AND WERE NEVER SEEN AGAIN.





KITTENS, WOULDN'T IT BE FUN IF WE HAD ELVES IN OUR HOUSE? BUT I WOULDN'T LET THE ELVES RUN AWAY. I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I WOULD DO. FIRST, LET'S PRETEND THIS BOOK IS THE SHOEMAKER'S LAST TWO PIECES OF LEATHER.

NOW I HAVE THE LEATHER. OF COURSE, I'M DRESSED LIKE THE POOR SHOEMAKER AND...



I LIVE IN HIS SHOP. NOW I'LL GO TO SLEEP JUST LIKE THE SHOEMAKER. OIO. HO-HUM, GOOD NIGHT.



AND NOW IT'S MORNING. I FIND MY SHOES ALL FINISHED. HERE COMES THE CUSTOMER.



TWO PIECES OF GOLD FOR THESE FAIRY SHOES.

FAIRY SHOES? I'LL PAY FOUR PIECES OF GOLD.

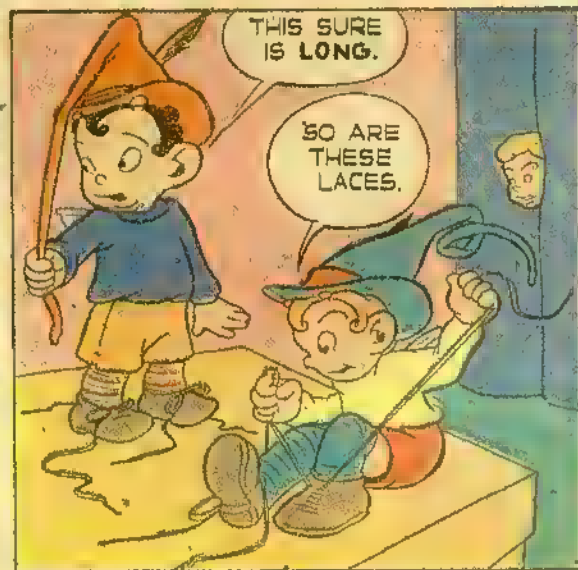
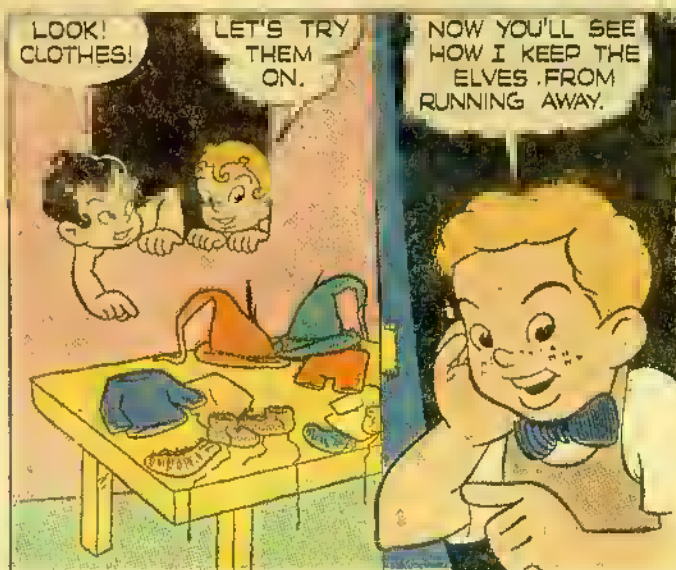
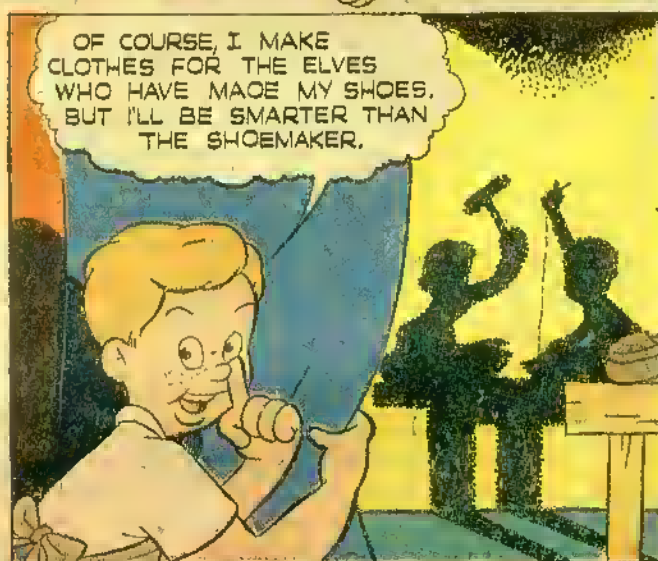
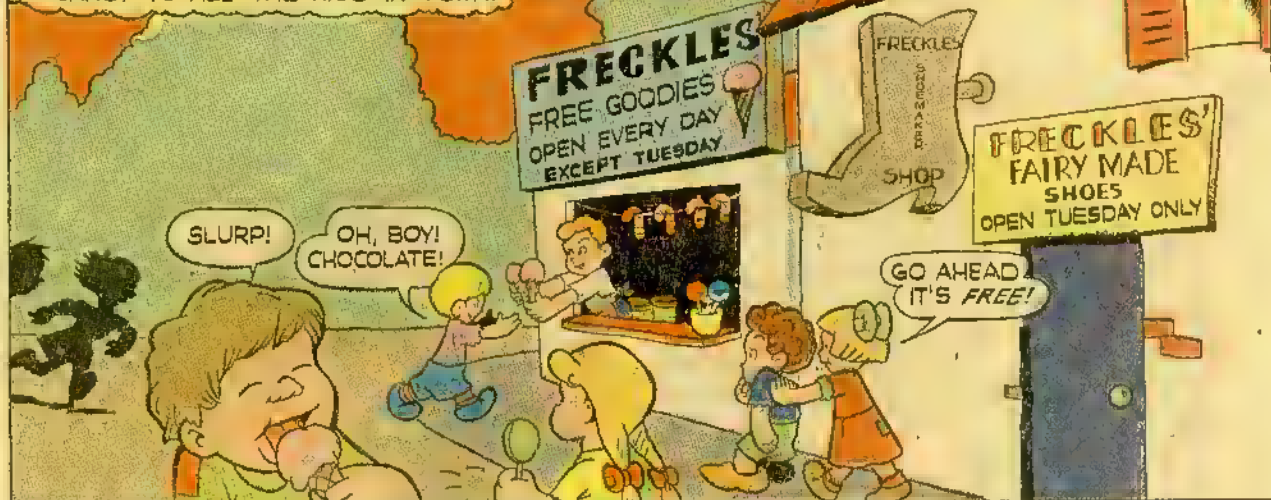


EVERY DAY I BUY MORE LEATHER. AND EVERY MORNING I FIND MORE SHOES READY TO BE SOLD.

CAN I BUY ANOTHER PAIR, MASTER FRECKLES?

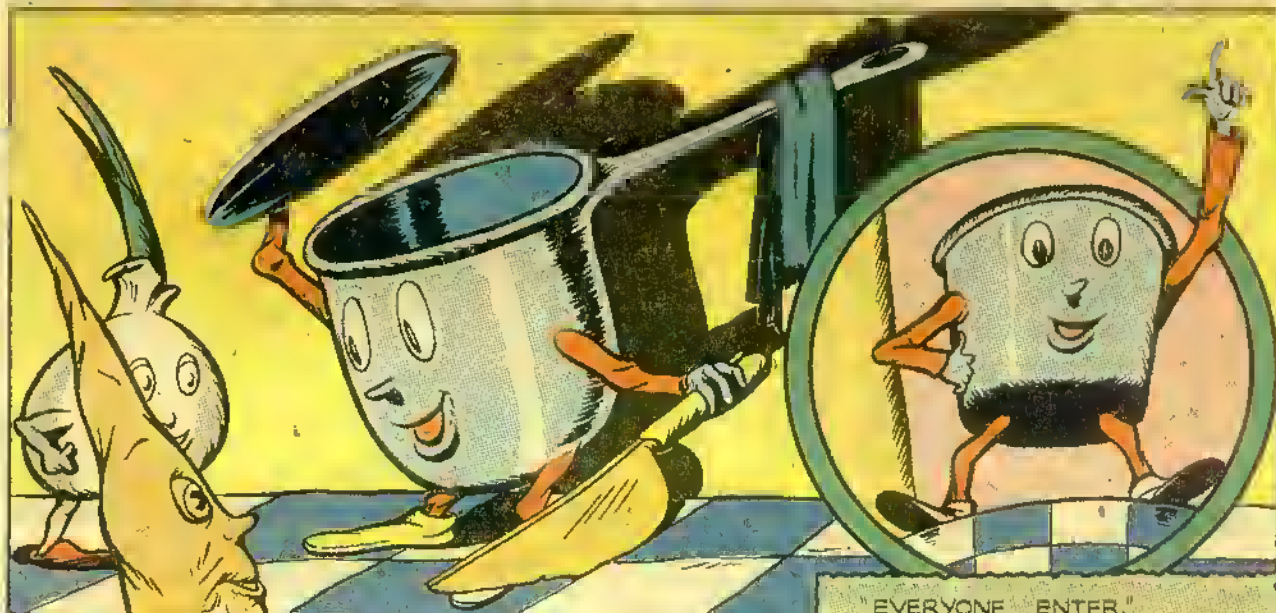
SORRY, NO MORE LEFT. COME AGAIN-- BUT ONLY ON TUESDAY.

YOU SEE, EVERY DAY BUT TUESDAY I CLOSE MY SHOP AND GIVE AWAY ICE-CREAM CONES AND CANDY TO ALL THE KIDS IN TOWN.





THE LONELY TOMATO

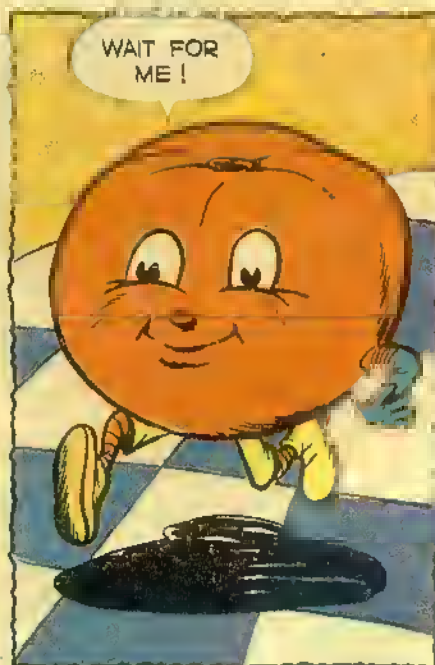


"COME, 'ALL YOU VEGETABLES,"
SHOUTED THE POT,
"THE STEW MUST BE MADE.
THE FIRE IS HOT!"

"EVERYONE ENTER,"
THE POT GAILY CRIED.
"I CAN'T MAKE THE STEW
TILL YOU'RE ALL INSIDE."



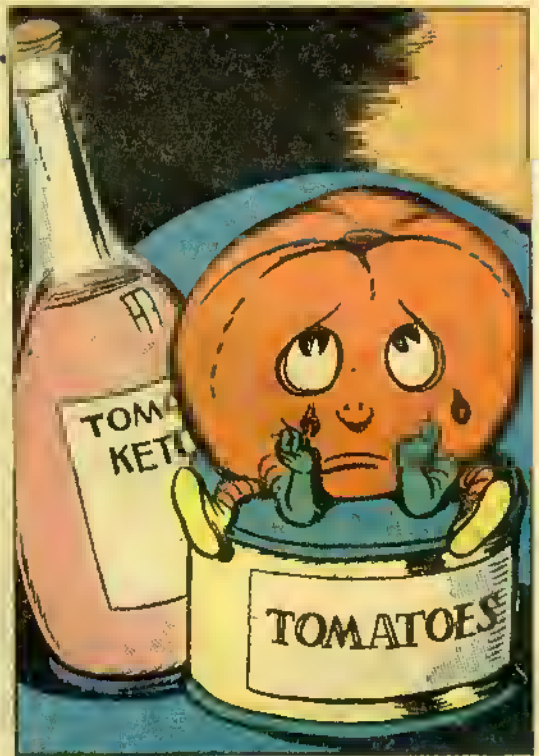
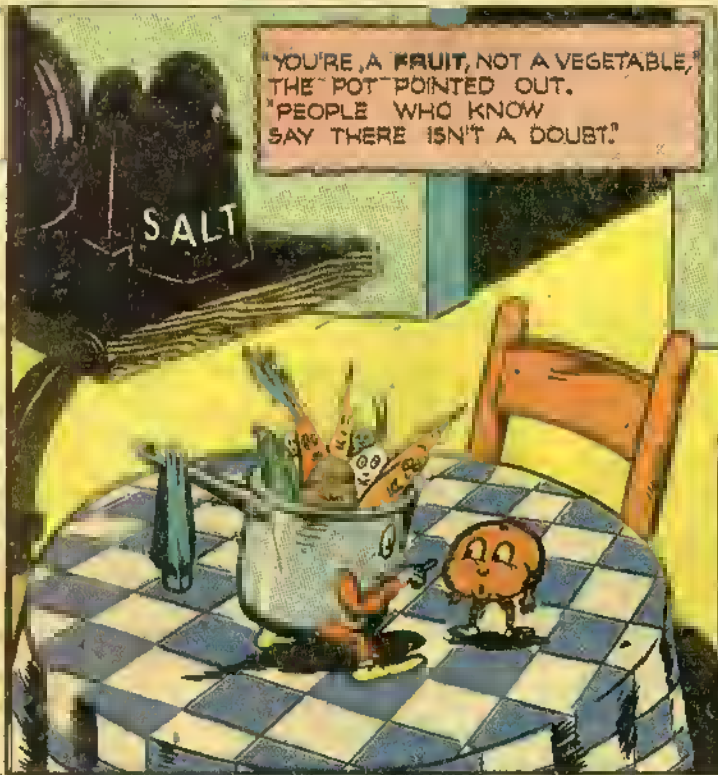
POTATOES AND BEANS
AND CARROTS AND PEAS
CLIMBED INTO THE POT
WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE.



"MAKE ROOM FOR ME
IN THE VEGETABLE STEW,"
SAID A FAT RED TOMATO.
"I'M 'A VEGETABLE, TOO."

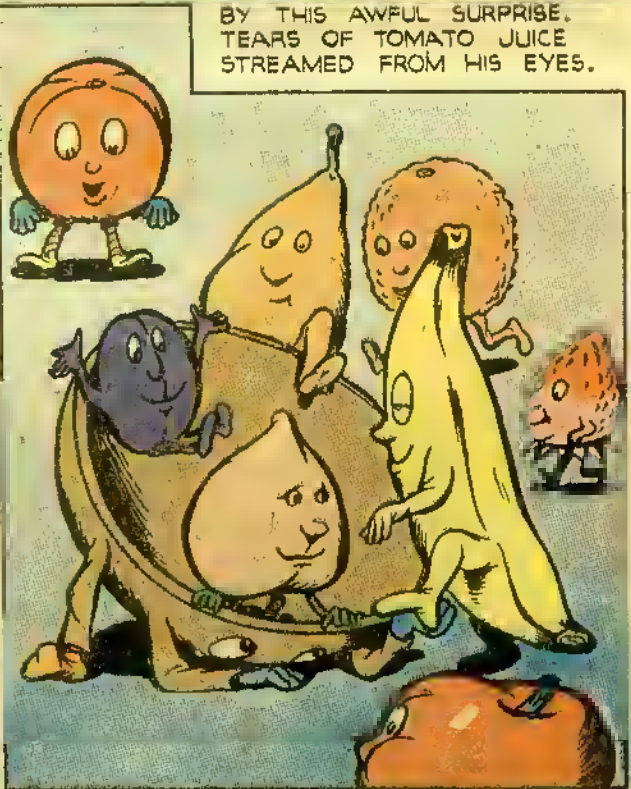
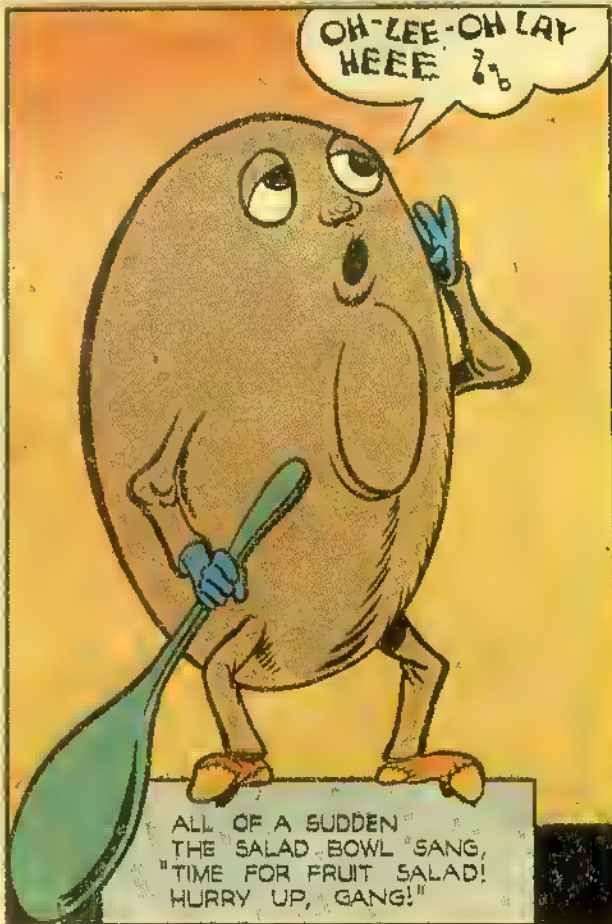
"YOU'RE A FRUIT, NOT A VEGETABLE,"
THE POT POINTED OUT.
"PEOPLE WHO KNOW
SAY THERE ISN'T A DOUBT."

SALT

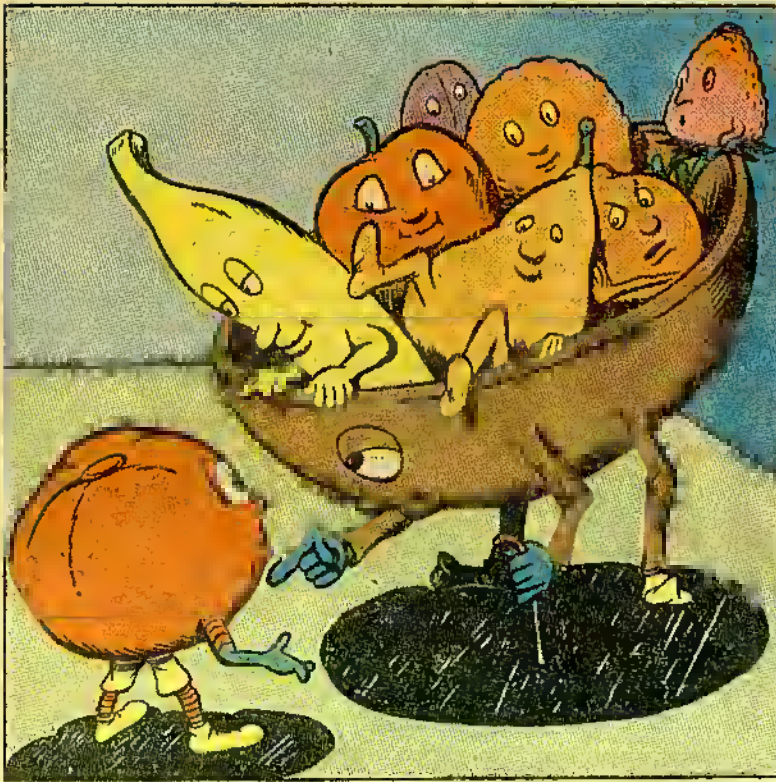


THE TOMATO WAS SHOCKED
BY THIS AWFUL SURPRISE.
TEARS OF TOMATO JUICE
STREAMED FROM HIS EYES.

OH-ZEE-OH LAY
HEEE ?



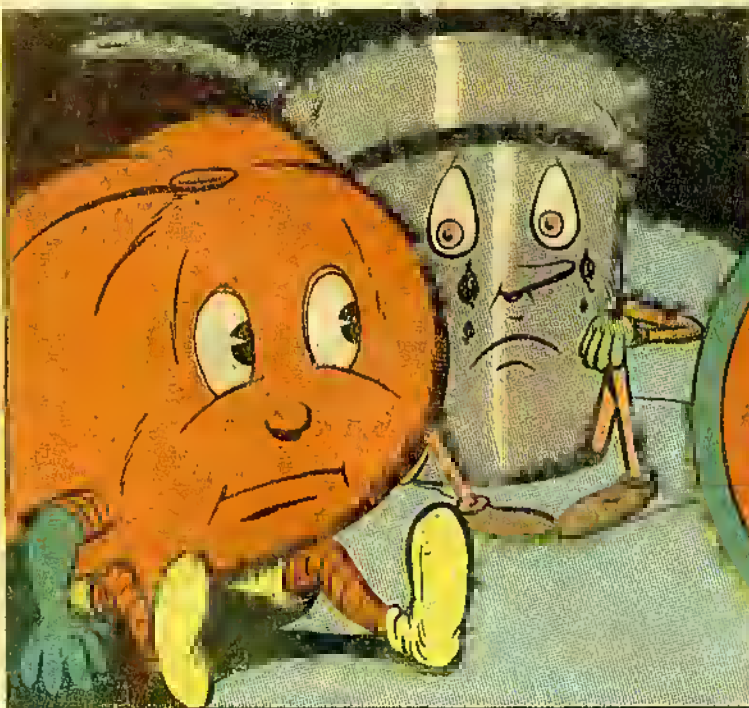
THE APPLE, THE PEAR,
THE BANANA, THE PLUM,
AND THE REST OF THE FRUIT
SHOUTED, "HERE WE COME."



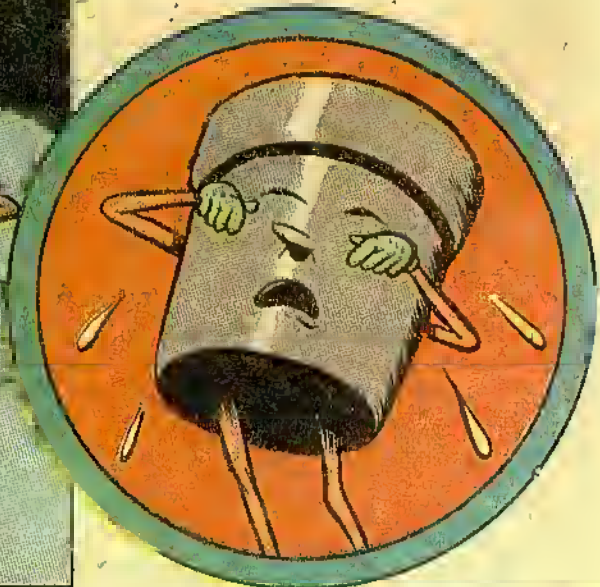
SAID THE LONELY TOMATO,
"WITH FRUITS I BELONG."
SAID THE BOWL, "YOU'RE A VEGETABLE.
I'M SORRY, YOU'RE WRONG..."



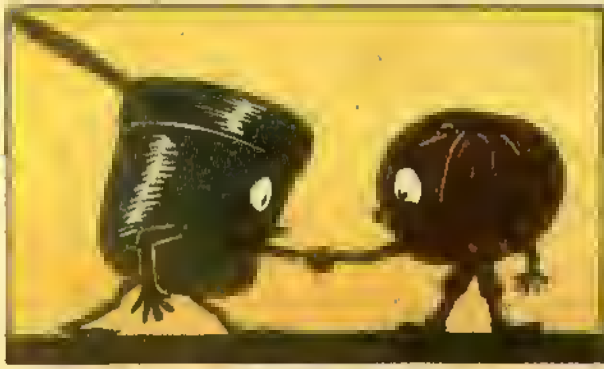
"...JUST AS WRONG AS THOSE NUTS
WHO ARE TRYING TO SAY
THAT THEY, TOO, ARE FRUIT.
NOW, PLEASE GO AWAY."



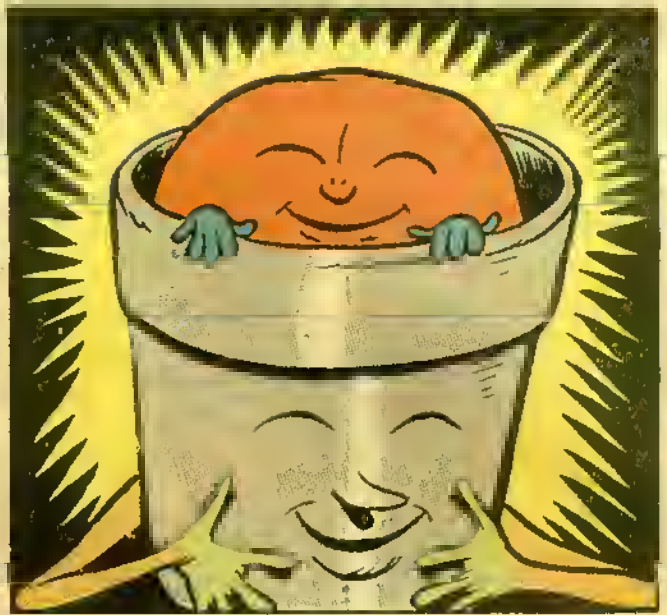
THE TOMATO WENT OFF
AND SAT BY HIMSELF.
BUT SOON HE WAS JOINED
BY A PAN FROM THE SHELF.



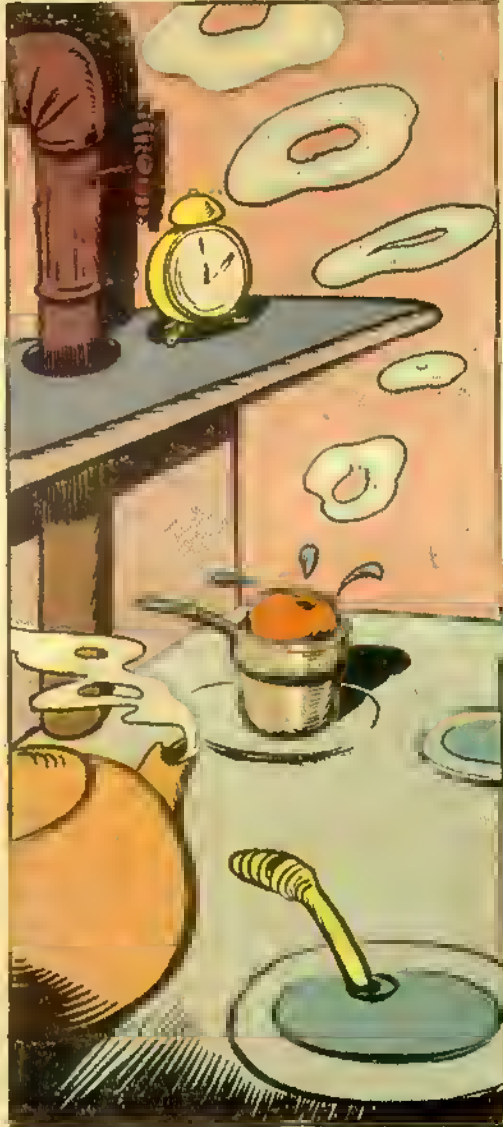
THE PAN WAS IN TEARS.
HE SOBBERED, "I'M SO SMALL,
NOBODY USES ME
EVER AT ALL..."



THE TOMATO EXCLAIMED,
YOU'RE BIGGER THAN I.
I COULD FIT IN YOU."
SO THE PAN SAID, "LET'S TRY."



THE TOMATO GOT SET
AND TOOK A BIG JUMP.
INTO THE PAN
HE LANDED - KERPLUMP!



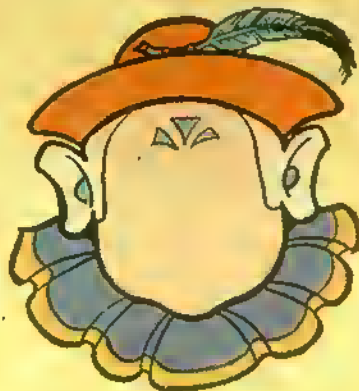
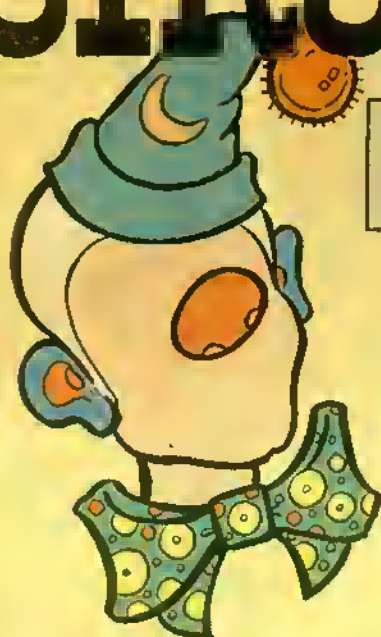
THEN ON TO THE STOVE,
THE LITTLE PAN FLEW.
AND SOON THE TOMATO
WAS COOKED THROUGH AND THROUGH.



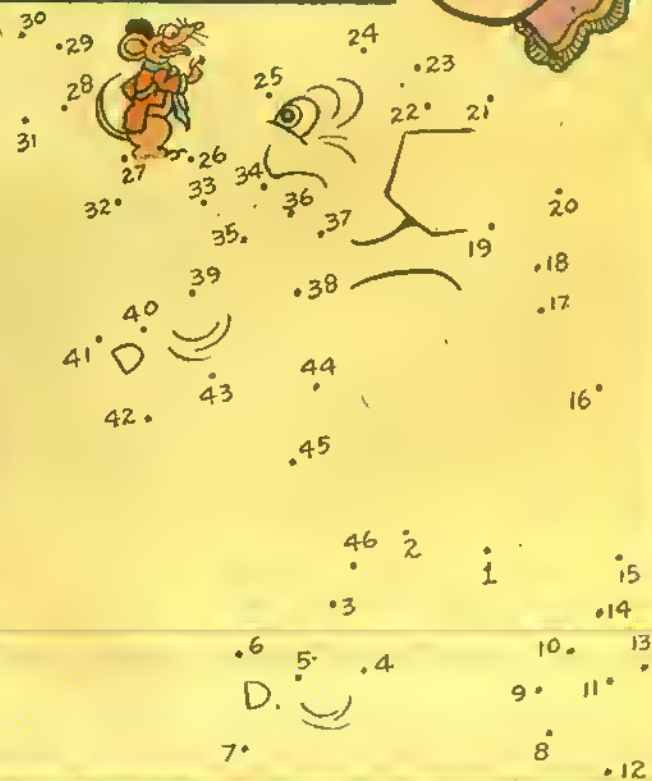
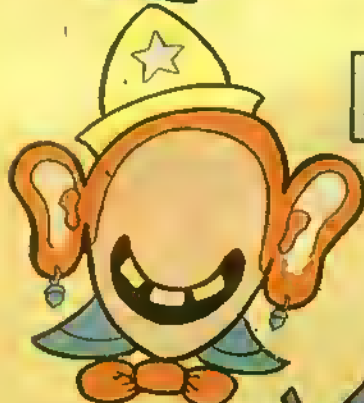
HE WAS SERVED TO THE MASTER
AS A SPECIAL DISH.
WHAT FINER HONOR
COULD A TOMATO WISH?

CIRCUS FUN

DRAW THE FACES
ON THESE CLOWNS.
MAKE EYES AND NOSES,
SMILES AND FROWNS.



CONNECT THE DOTS FROM 1 TO 46
AND SEE WHO'S DOING CIRCUS TRICKS.



Here's a story you'll have fun acting out. While somebody reads it to you slowly, you act out what the children are doing, and also the answers to the questions.

THE SNOW MAN

By MARGUERITA RUDOLPH
Author of "Masha, the Little Goose Girl"

ONE beautiful winter day
Some children
Were making
A snow man.
They rolled and they rolled
A pile of snow.
How big do you think it was?

Still they rolled
And they rolled
The pile of snow.
How big was it then?

They rolled it much more
Till it was OH! OH! OH!
How big?



And *that* was going to be a snow man!
The children made him a head.
It was as big as—well, how big?



They made two black eyes with pieces of coal.
They made teeth with pieces of yellow corn.
Then they fetched him a bright red sweater.
And they gave him a little blue cap.



Then the big handsome snow man stood still.
How still?



Then, after a while,
He tumbled and crumbled
And melted away.

How do you think he looked
As he tumbled and crumbled
And melted away?

Pug and Curly

Deliver the Goods

PUG AND CURLY WORK HARD TO FIND AN EASY WAY OF BRINGING NUTS TO ...

AUNT CHLOE!



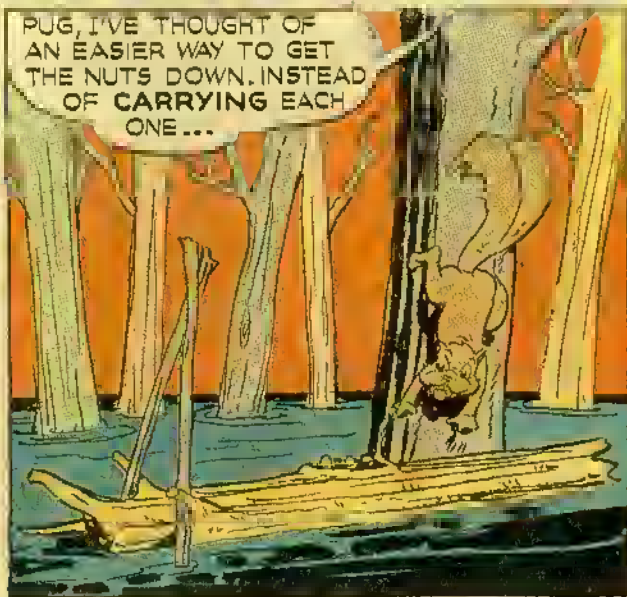
CURLY AND I WILL TAKE SOME NUTS TO AUNT CHLOE.

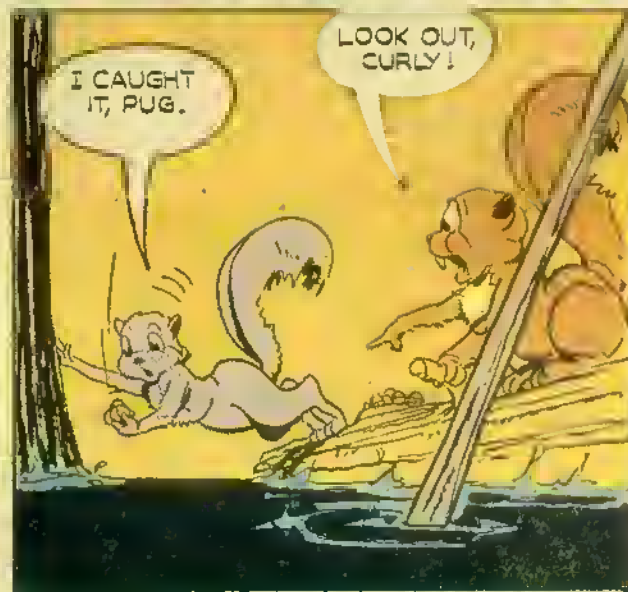
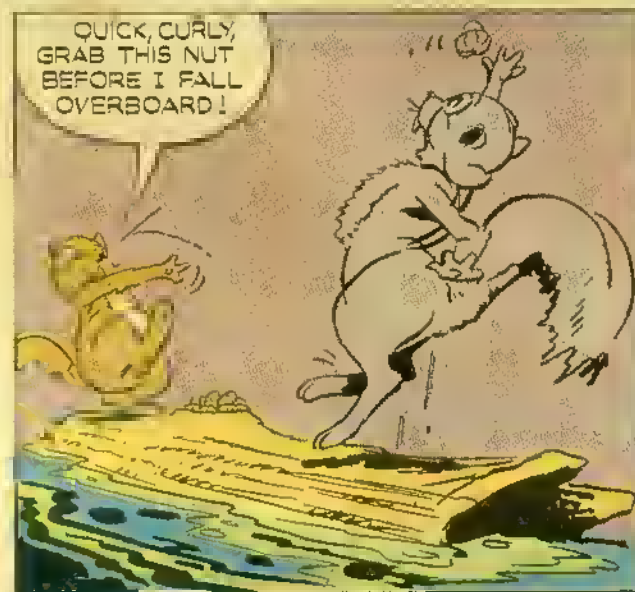
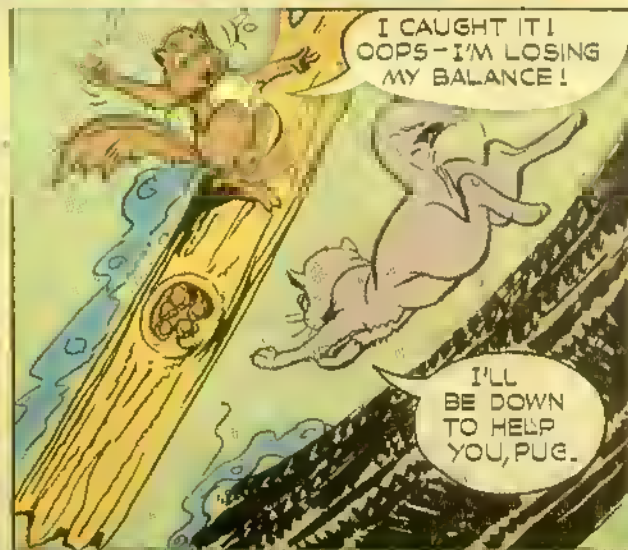
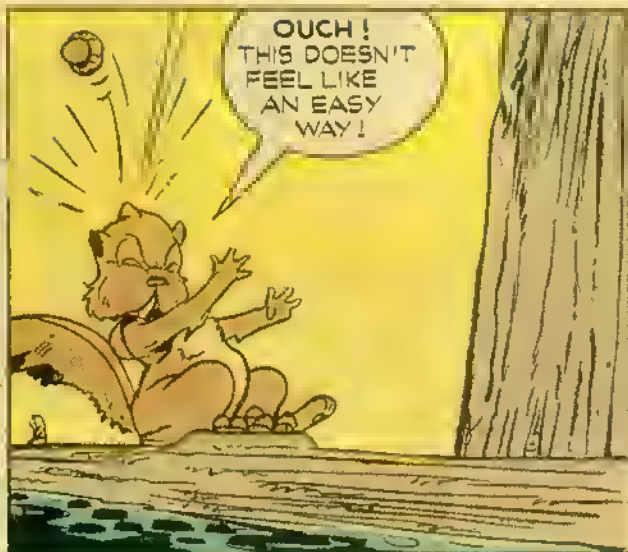
THAT'S FINE, PUG. CARRY THEM DOWN THIS TREE CAREFULLY, LOAD THEM ON A FLOATING LOG, AND HURRY TO AUNT CHLOE'S HOUSE.

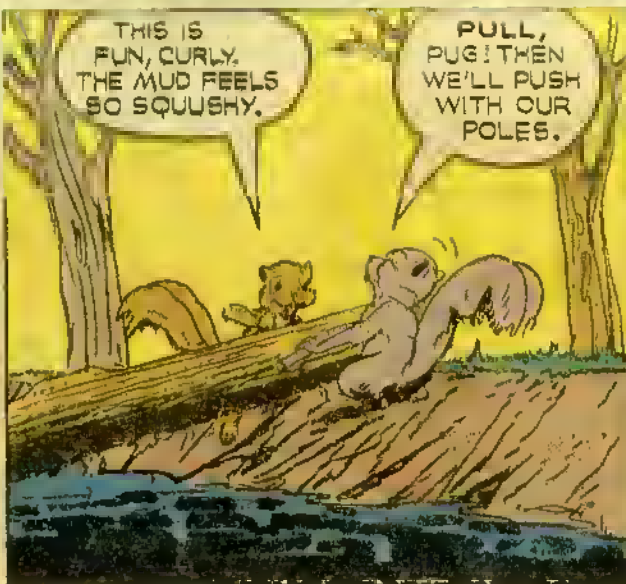
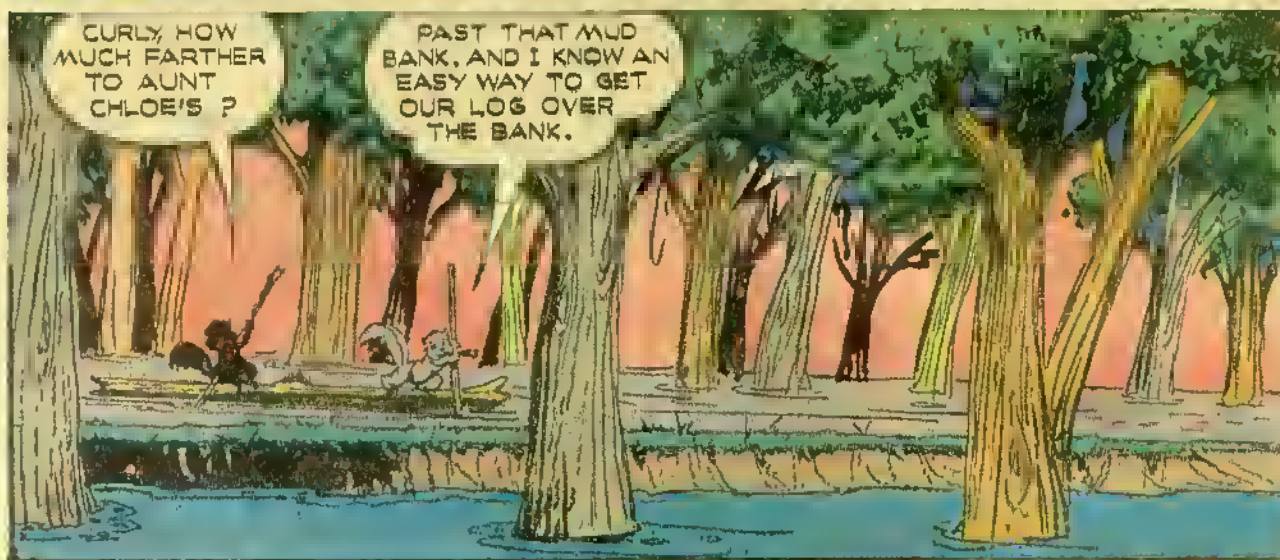
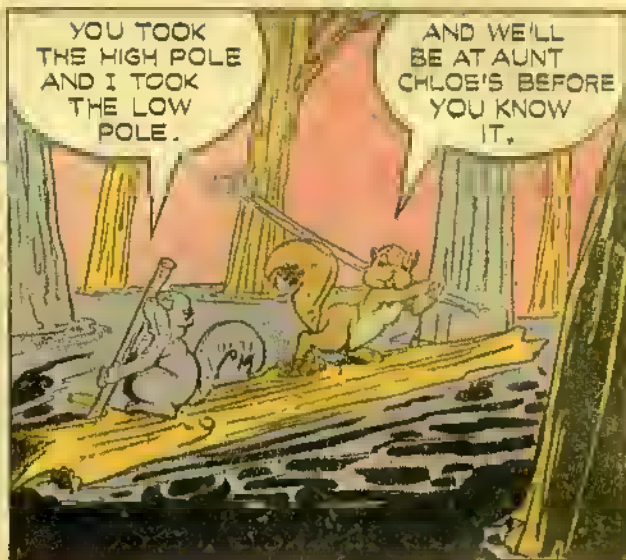
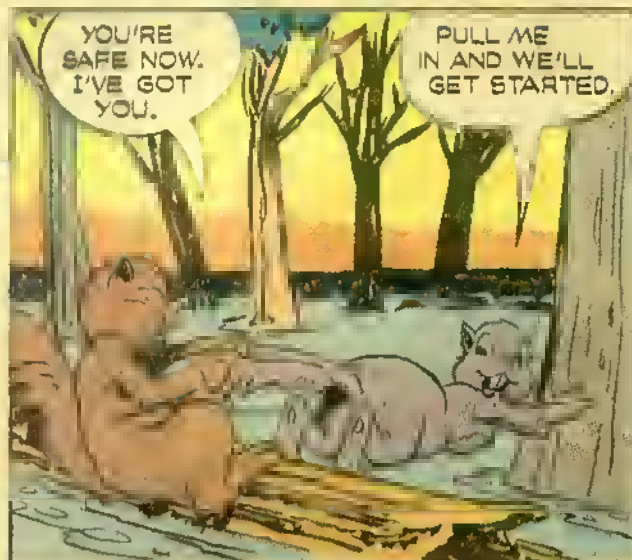
GET NUTS HERE FOR MAROONED FLOOD VICTIMS

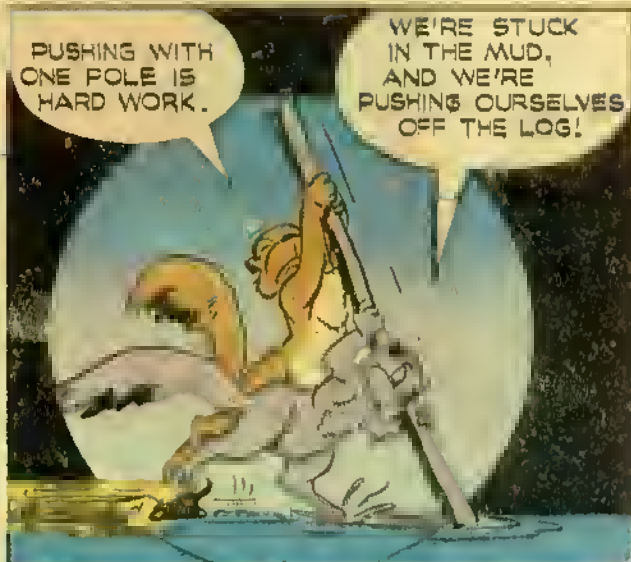
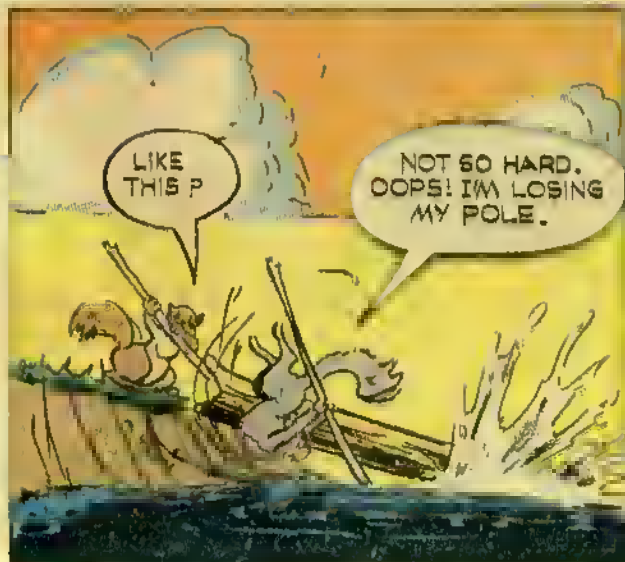


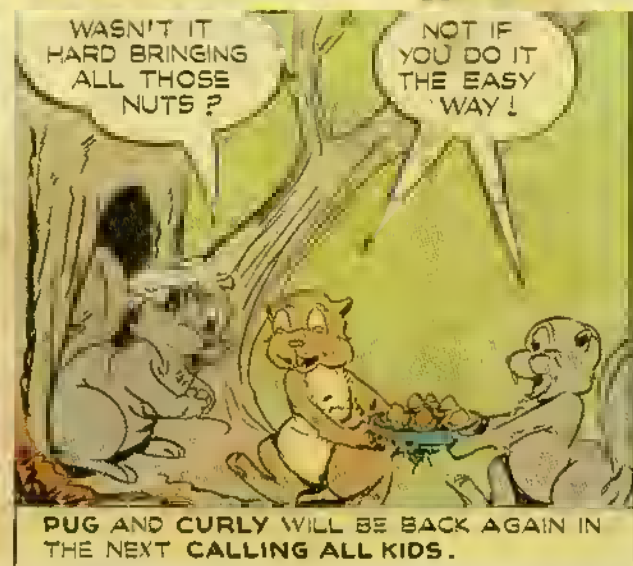
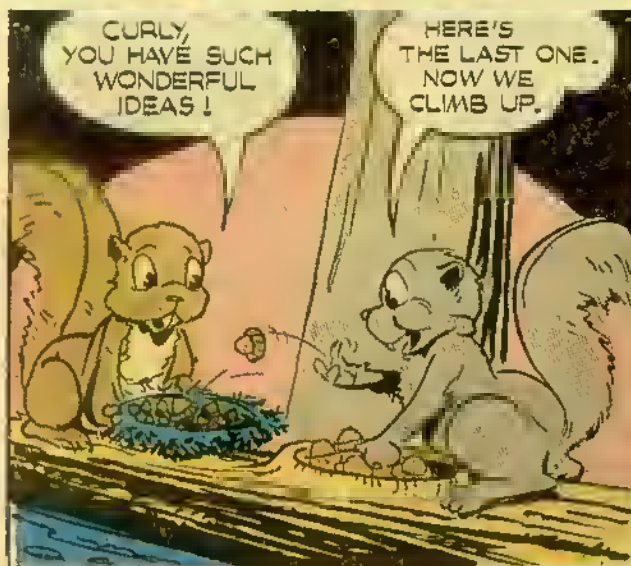
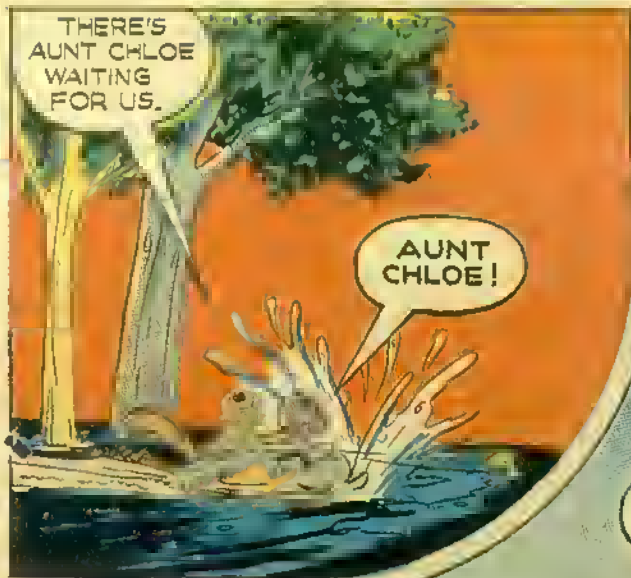
PUG, I'VE THOUGHT OF AN EASIER WAY TO GET THE NUTS DOWN. INSTEAD OF CARRYING EACH ONE ...



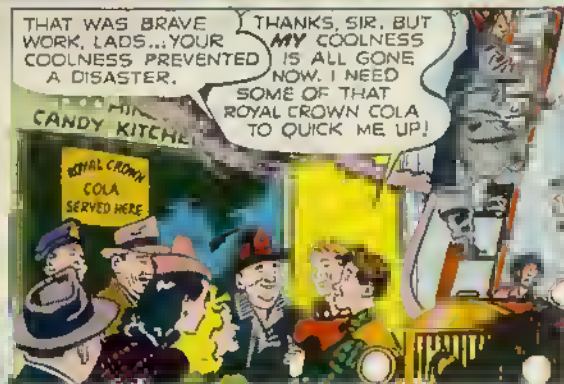
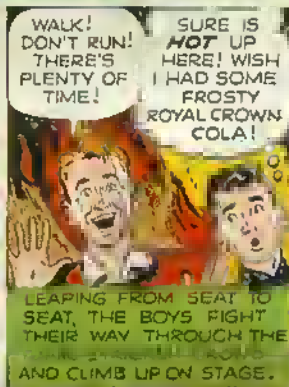
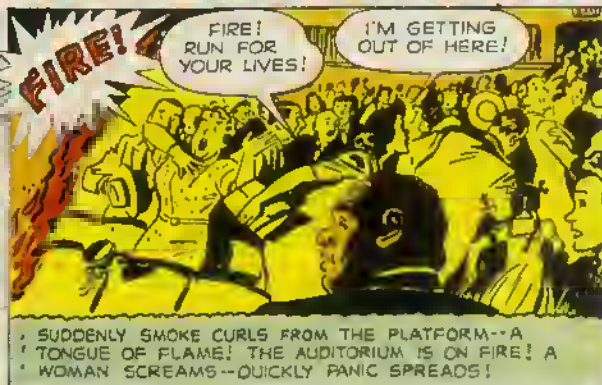
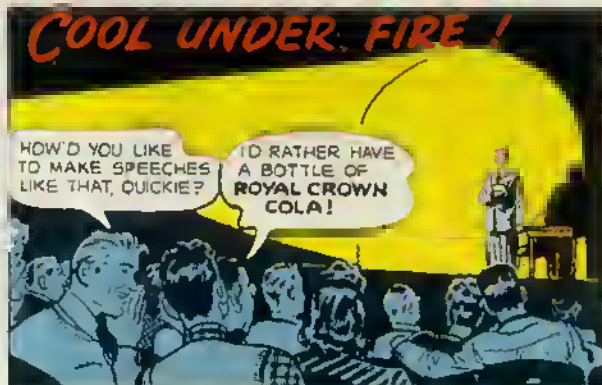






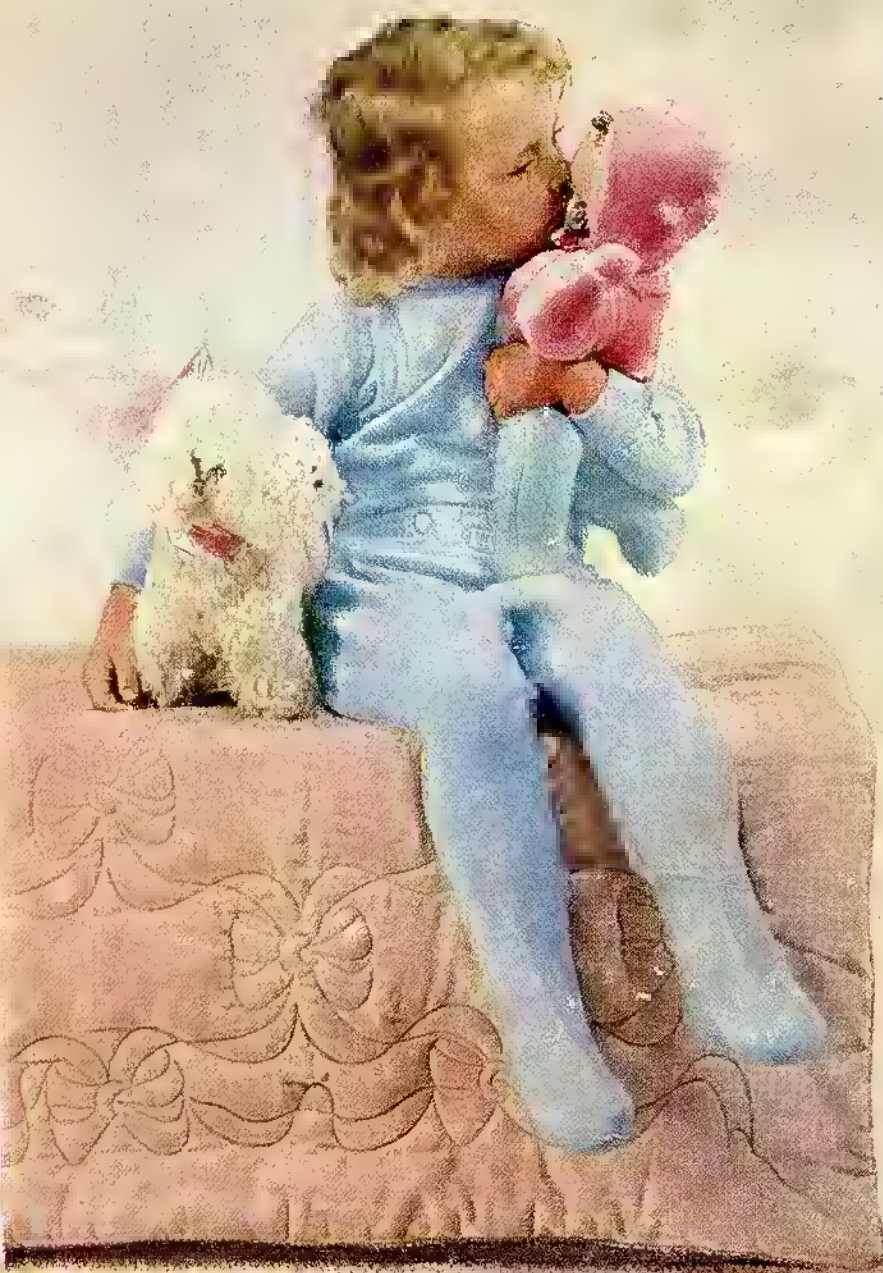


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